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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1958.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

HK AND FREE TRADE AREA

THE Colonial Secretary's statement on Hongkong's position in relation to the proposed European Free Trade Area was, at first sight, in contradiction with the announcement made by the Prime Minister last July.

Mr. Lennox-Boyd, in the House of Commons on Thursday, in reply to a question put by Mr. William Teeling, a recent Conservative visitor to the Colony, said that Hongkong as an industrial producer would stand to gain by its inclusion in the scheme.

But he added that it is not practicable to deal with Hongkong's case in isolation from that of other territories.

Discussed

INDEED he went further by referring his questioner to the Prime Minister's reply on the subject last July.

Mr. Macmillan is quoted as saying: "As regards the proposed Free Trade Area, these questions have been discussed with representatives of colonial governments and the general view seems to be in favour of excluding colonial territories."

It can therefore be concluded that while Mr. Lennox-Boyd realises the benefit which the Colony would derive from inclusion in the Free Trade Area no hope can be held out for such an eventuality.

Look Elsewhere

IF this indeed be the case and the interpretation is correct, Hongkong's present European markets might well be affected and the necessity to look elsewhere again manifests itself and the best place to look is within the Commonwealth.

The Commonwealth trade and economic conference which is to take place later this year should provide a good opportunity to put the Colony's case forward for earnest consideration.

The preparatory talks to plan the agenda are to be held in London in less than two weeks and it is to be hoped that the Colonial Office representatives make sufficiently strong plans on Hongkong's behalf.

AXE FALLS AGAIN IN CHINA

Alleged Plots To Overthrow The Regime

Tokyo, Feb. 1.

China announced today the dismissal of 10 high ranking officials charged with anti-Communist activities and plotting to overthrow the present Peking regime.

The announcement, made by the official New China News Agency, followed an earlier report that three officials of ministerial status had been ordered removed by Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

The three officials were Chang Po-chun, former Minister of Communications, Lo Lung-chi, former Minister of the Timber Industry, and Chang Nai-chi, a high Food Ministry official.

Mao's order followed a decision reached at a meeting on Friday of the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress, which ended preparation for the plenary session of the Congress opening today.

Approval

The decision for the three Ministers' removal was based on a proposal by Premier Chou En-lai and approved by the State Council.

The officials were also removed from their "leading positions in China's various democratic parties," the announcement said.

Other dismissed included Lung Yun, Vice-Chairman of the Revolutionary Committee of the Kuomintang; Chen Ming-shu and Huang Shao-hung, both members of the same committee; and Huang Chi-shiang, Vice-Chairman of the Central Committee of the Peasants and Workers Democratic (Communist) Party.

Also, Chu An-ping, member of the Central Committee; Hsieh Hsien-hung, Chairman of the Taiwan Self Government League; and Lin Han-ta, Vice-Chairman of the Central Committee of the China Association for Promoting Democracy.

No Reason

The news agency gave no reason for the dismissals of the officials, whom it described as a "minority of rightists."

However, observers here believed they were being punished for outspoken criticism of the regime following Mao's call last February for free expression of thought. — United Press.

SETBACK FOR PA PARTY

Singapore, Feb. 1. The far left People's Action Party — victors in Singapore's City Council elections in December — suffered their first defeat in the Council tonight.

A resolution regarding contracts granted the Council's European officers by the old Council, was amended with the words "provided a new scheme be completed within four months."

A further amendment by the Mayor, Mr. Ong Eng Guan, replacing the word "provided" with "and" was defeated.

The People's Action Party, who have 13 members in the 22-man Council, owed their setback largely to another leftist group, the five-strong Workers' Party, which allied itself with the Liberal Socialists (Conservatives) and Labour Front (Moderates). — Reuter.

Aden Forces Silence Yemenis

Aden, Jan. 31. Some 500 Yemen troops today attacked Aden Protectorate forces along the Aden-Yemen border under cover of a barrage from three Yemen artillery positions an Aden Government communiqué announced.

An action silenced the Yemen positions which were at Jebel Khar, Jebel Bilar and South-east, Qalaba. The ground attack took place in the night, the communiqué said.

No casualties were reported among the Aden Protectorate forces and Yemen casualties were not known, it added. — France-Press.

Knew It Was A Pistol

Fort Wayne, Jan. 31. Liquor store owner Bernard Lamonte told police he was no expert on guns and couldn't identify the weapon used by a young bandit who held up his store.

"I don't know much about pistols," Lamonte said, "but this one had a hole in the end so I didn't argue." — United Press.

Formosa's Road Toll: 400

Taipei, Jan. 31. A total of 400 persons were killed in traffic accidents in Formosa in 1957.

Official statistics released today showed 3,027 others were also injured in 3,029 traffic accidents last year.

During the previous year, 2,761 traffic accidents killed 382 and caused 2,911 injuries.

The Safety Committee of the provincial government blamed the sharp increase of motorized vehicles for the mounting rate of traffic mishaps. — United Press.

LATEST RAIL CRASH RAISES STORM IN UK

London, Jan. 31.

Britain's State-owned railroad network promised tonight to modernise its signalling system as public feeling mounted over the second serious rail disaster in eight weeks.

VICTIMS NAMED

London, Jan. 31. British Railways today named the 10 victims killed in last night's train crash at Dagenham, East London.

They were: Mr. James A. Taylor of Marguerite Drive, Filton; J. J. White of Worthing Road, Laidon; Mr. A. Lucas of Albert Road, South Benfleet; Mr. H. E. Mears, of Topham Road, Laidon; J. Theobald, Sunnyside Gardens, Laidon; W. J. Sandford, Sycamore Avenue, Upminster; Miss Fay Doolittle, of Hildesheim Park Drive, Langdon Hills, Laidon; Mrs. Marjorie Friel, Danbury Down, Basildon; Mr. Patricia Fiddes, Langford Crescent, Thurrock; and Mrs. Doris Barkway, of Chester Avenue, Cranham. — Reuter.

Foot Hopes To Restore Lost Ground

Nicosia, Jan. 31. Cyprus Governor Sir Hugh Foot said today he hopes to meet with Turkish Cypriot leaders as soon as possible to restore ground apparently lost in recent days on the road to a settlement for this troubled island.

Sir Hugh took over as Cyprus Governor early last month as the replacement for former Governor Field Marshal Sir John Harding.

Relations between the Government and the Greek Cypriot nationalists appeared improved almost immediately. But this may have been at the expense of relations with the Turkish Cypriot population.

While Sir Hugh was in Ankara talking with British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd and Turkish leaders during the just-concluded Bagdad Pact conference, Turks on the island demonstrated and seven of them died in clashes with police.

Sir Hugh, in stating today that he hopes to meet with the Turkish Cypriots, sharply denied and labelled as "untruths" unconfirmed reports that at least one Turkish Cypriot leader was banished from Cyprus. — United Press.

BOMBERS COLLIDE

San Francisco, Jan. 31. A B-26 attack bomber crashed 75 miles east of Barstow, California, today after colliding with a second bomber in a flight of five.

All four crew members of the twin-engine World War II bomber were believed killed in the crash, according to the Barstow sub-station of the San Bernardino County Sheriff's office.

The second plane, slightly damaged in the collision over the rugged granite mountain area, landed safely at George Air Force Base, some 100 miles southwest of the collision. — United Press.

'Wife Lied About Age'

Valencia, Jan. 31. Andra Achante, 24-year-old factory worker told the court today that he pushed his pregnant wife into the river because she lied about her age at the time he married her.

"I did it to get rid of an annoyance," he said. "You understand, Your Honor, she was 10 years older than I am." — United Press.

Russians May Have Fired An ICBM

Washington, Jan. 31. United States intelligence agencies received today reports of unknown reliability that the Soviet Union has fired an intercontinental ballistic missile.

The report paralleled another that the Russians were preparing to fire an ICBM but had not done so yet.

Informants confirmed that both reports have been received here through official channels. But they emphasized the Government so far has no confirmation that the missile was fired.

There was some speculation here that the Russians were prepared to launch their third satellite, possibly one ton in weight.

According to one report, the Soviet preparations include a "very long count-down," an indication that the Russians were working with a large and complicated missile.

Another source said the missile may have been fired yesterday. — United Press.

Ankara, Jan. 31. British Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd flew home today after attending the Bagdad Pact meetings here and discussing the Cyprus problem with Turkish leaders.

Before leaving Lloyd had a final one-hour conference with Turkish Premier Adnan Menderes and the Turkish Foreign Minister.

Turkish official circles said Lloyd's talks here "left a good impression."

Members of both parties in the Turkish Parliament observed a three minutes silence today in memory of the seven Turkish Cypriots who died in the rioting last week.

Police rounded up and questioned a group of students who tried to demonstrate outside the Parliament building carrying placards reading "Cyprus is Turkish." — United Press.

'SUMMIT' TALKS

Khrushchev Agreeable To Time Change

London, Feb. 1.

The Russian Communist Party First Secretary, Nikita Khrushchev, said today the Soviet Union would agree to postpone a "summit" meeting if the time first suggested proved too soon.

In an interview with the London Times, Mr. Khrushchev said if the original proposal for a meeting of the leaders of East and West was not possible "within the next two or three months" it could be postponed.

The Times said Mr. Khrushchev explained that all he had wanted when first suggesting the earliest possible date was not to be like employers in the old days when he had been a fitter on special machinery for sorting coal.

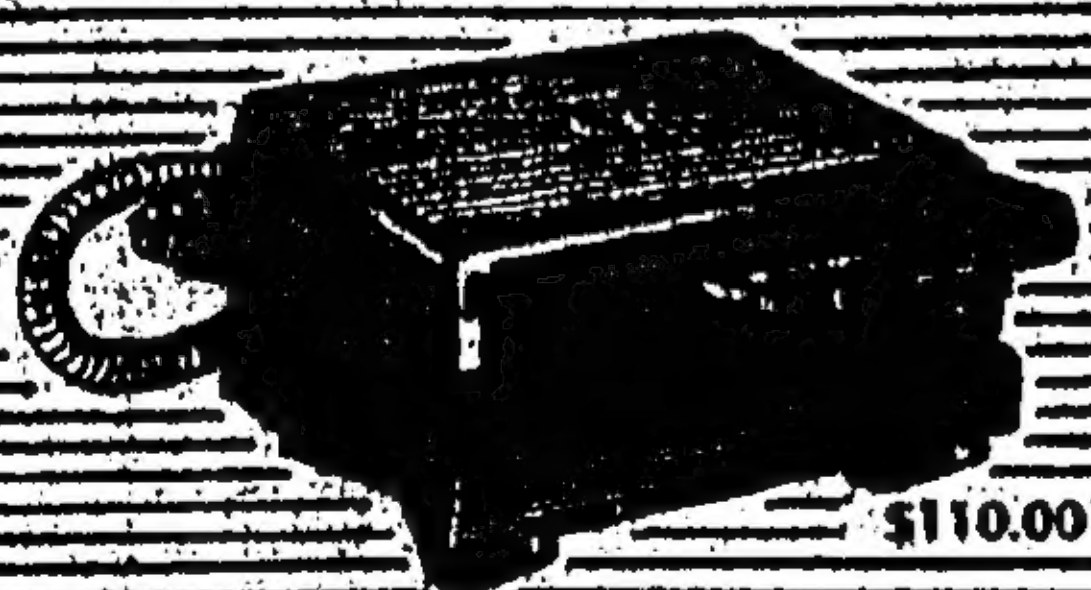
PAY DAY

"Pay day used to be put off and off, although there was a notice which said 'pay day at the end of the month'—without saying which month or which year."

"They wanted a meeting as soon as it could be agreed upon," The Times said.

Mr. Khrushchev said he still disliked the idea of having a preliminary Foreign Ministers' meeting because "some of the Foreign Ministers were like midwives who were not interested in ensuring the birth of the child." — United Press.

HOME COOKING REVOLUTIONISED!



'HOSTESS' INFRA-RED HOME GRILL

PRODUCE PERFECT JUICY GRILLS IN SECONDS—AT THE TABLE!

REDUCES cooking time from table	MAKES GRILLING OF COOKING THIS
Steak (rare)	10-15 seconds
Steak (medium)	10-15 seconds
Steak (well done)	10-15 seconds
Chops	10-15 seconds
Ham	10-15 seconds
Roast	10-15 seconds
Veal	10-15 seconds
Chicken	10-15 seconds
Turkey	10-15 seconds
Beef	10-15 seconds
Lamb	10-15 seconds
Pork	10-15 seconds
Vegetables	10-15 seconds
Fruit	10-15 seconds
Desserts	10-15 seconds

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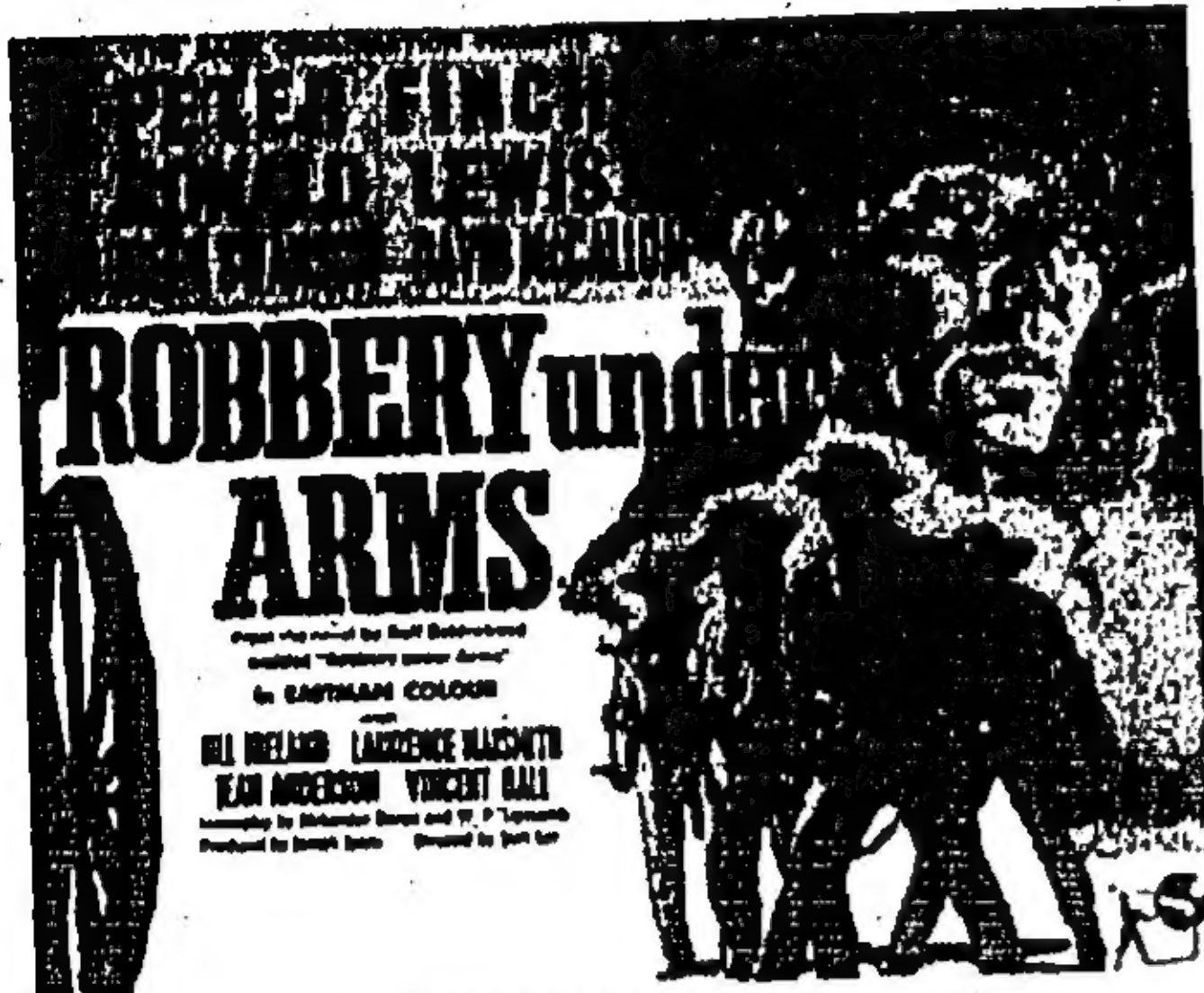
CHAMPAGNE POMMERY & GRENOS-REIMS

POMMERY

CHAMPAGNE POMMERY & GRENOS-REIMS

KING'S PRINCESS**OPENS TO-DAY**

The rough, tough life of bushranging for a wanted man



SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S At 11.00 a.m. **PRINCESS**
FOX TERRYTOON || **M-G-M "TOM & JERRY"**
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Variety Programme
 Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

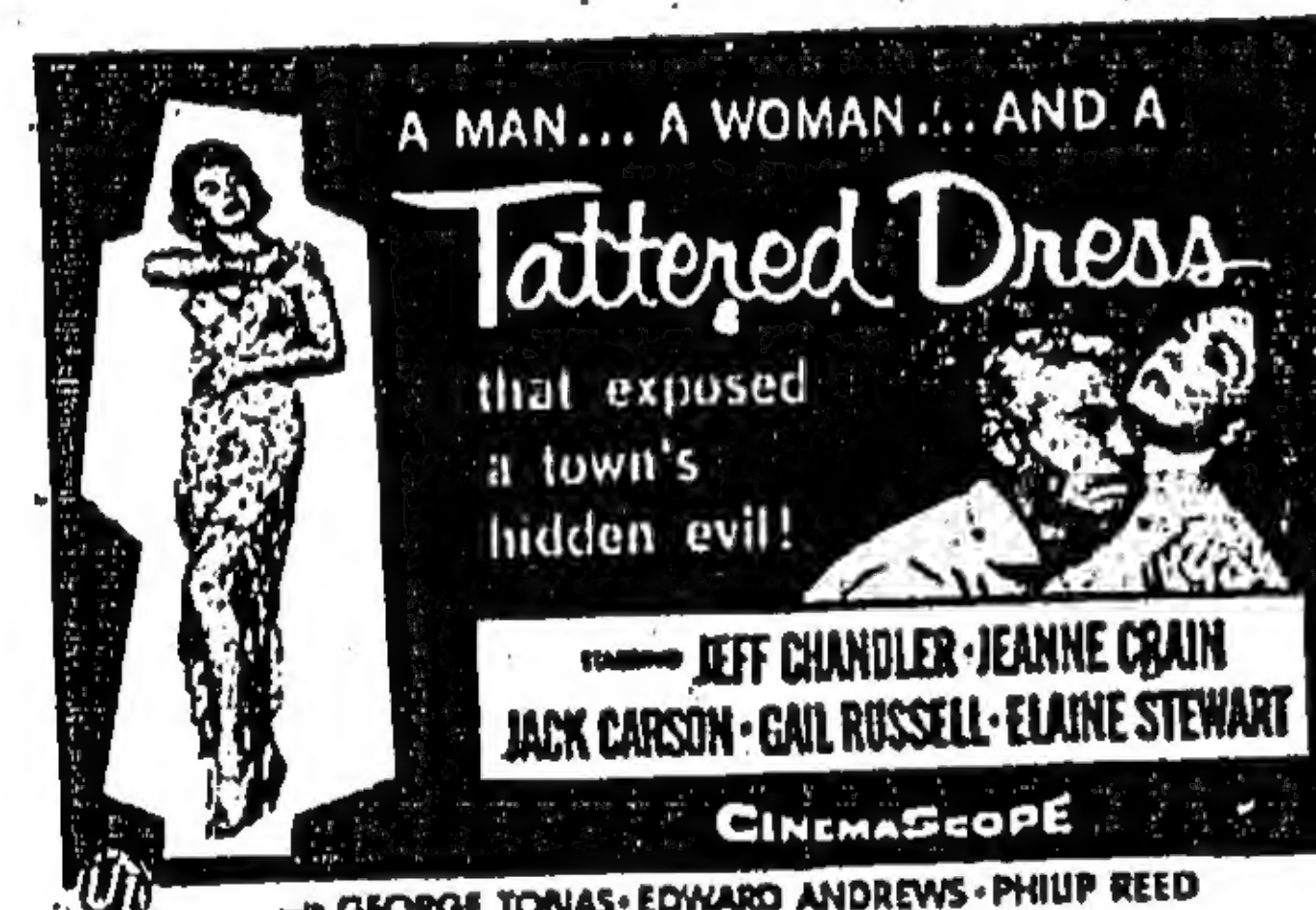
KING'S TO-MORROW AT 12.10 P.M.

M-G-M present Jane Powell & Howard Keel in
"SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS"
 A Musical in CinemaScope & Colour!

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

STAR THEATRE METROPOLE**SHOWING TO-DAY**

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. **METROPOLE:** At 11.00 a.m.
FOX TECHNICOLOR **CARTOONS** **UNIVERSAL TECHNICOLOR**
CARTOONS

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. **METROPOLE:** At 12.30 p.m.
 20th Century-Fox presents
 In CinemaScope & Color
"LOVE IS A MANY, SPOILED THING"
 Starring: Jennifer Jones
 William Holden
 A Warner Bros. Picture
 At Reduced Prices

CAPITOL THEATRE

SHOWING TO-DAY **SHOWING TO-DAY**
 At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



TO-Morrow Special Show
 At 12.30 p.m.
RICK BATTAGLIA in
"ORLANDO"
 in Eastman Color

FOR
TELEVISION
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FILMS CURRENT & COMING
by ANTHONY FULLER

"THE Great Locomotive Chase," with its antiquated engines now thundering across the screen of the Roxy and Broadway, tells the story of one of the most thrilling episodes of the American Civil War.

Made by Walt Disney, who is in a class of his own when it comes to this kind of picture, the film is vast, colourful, and full of action, and I dare say it will cause a temporary eclipse among the space-ship fans of all ages, as these CinemaScope engines thunder across half of America.

The story is quite true. James J. Andrews did lead a party of men into the Confederate territory with the object of cutting the Confederacy communications, but they were followed by the action of one man, William A. Fuller.

To my mind, the film is made the wrong way round. I don't know whether Walt Disney hails from the North or the South, but if I had to judge by this picture, I should say from the North.

He places the heroic side of the action on the grim determined Yankees. Heroic it was, but nothing to compare with the gallant, dashing, determined, fearless, Walker A. Fuller, who, despising this bit of typical Yankee trickery, beat them at their own game, and what is more, beat them on his own.

So the film, by swinging sympathy to the North, seems to me unnecessarily biased. However, take it any way you like, this all action colourful epic makes a most exciting evening at the pictures. Co-stars Fess Parker and Jeffrey Hunter are pitted against each other in the locomotive race which climaxes the fast action in the drama, and emerge with honours slightly in favour of Hunter.

Much more important is the Oscar winning feature, "Men Against the Arctic" that is included in the same show. Introduced by the usual Disney cartoon technique, and then handed over to the camera right up there in the Arctic, this feature is one of the most breath-taking films to come to the screen.

Icebergs as huge as cathedrals float past the camera lens. You see the most modern ice-breakers shiver as their sharpened steel cuts a way through the ice. You see a modern vessel lose the game as the ice freezes and holds it captive through the long Arctic winter.

You really see right on the spot what men are up against

when they sail forth to battle with Nature.

I whole-heartedly recommend this show. It is a family show, one they ought to see, for a feature as good as "Men Against the Arctic" is so rare that it should be a 'must' on every parent's memo-pad.

★ ★ ★

A SURPRISINGLY fine

film has been made

from the novel "The

Shiralee." Showing at the

Hoover and the Liberty, it

really places Australia on

the film map, not in a

geographical sense but in

the great film sense, for it

is impossible to see this film

without realising something

of the qualities that have

placed this vast under-

populated continent to the

fore in world affairs.

Without detracting from the

top-rate performance given by

Peter Finch as the swagman in

the film, I claim that the entry

of Dana Wilson of Brisbane into

films is the most startling debut

made by any child since a

generation ago, the then young

Shirley Temple captured every

adult heart. Eight-year-old Dana

Wilson is superb in the difficult

role of "The Shiralee," a kind of

burden, because she accom-

panies Peter Finch, a nomadic

Australian worker.

In spite of its rough setting,

and often brutal episodes, I am

certain that this film will be

praised as one of the most im-

portant films of 1958. It is aimed

straight at the heart, and that is

where it hits you. You would

have to be an extremely un-

imaginative person to be unable

to enter into the finer moments

of this film.

Avoiding sentiment on one

hand, and pathos on the other,

told in a straightforward man-

ner, of life grim and realistic, it

scores with every inch of the

film. Peter Finch as the hard

swagman lives the part, as well

he can, for he brings not only

considerable acting qualities to

the film, but a world of ex-

perience also.

Elizabeth Sellers as the un-

faithful wife of the swagman,

scores in the role, but it is re-

cently corner Rosemary Harris

who will win your sympathy in

her role as the girl who loved,

and was then deserted, by Peter

Finch.

Leslie O'Shea and Sidney

James form a new screen

comedy team, and give a lovely

performance of that rough

kind-hearted kind, and a scene

that must amuse you one where

you hear James throwing com-

pliments at his clients who are

drinking against the clock in the

bar.

Looking at the cast, you will

see it is a pretty representation

of the Commonwealth, and

what with such talent, and

situations from the Common-

wealth, so new to the film-goer,

this film could herald some

really great stuff from Australia.

★ ★ ★

"PARIS Music Hall,"

showing at the

Queen's and Alhambra, is a

slick, fast moving, wis-

cracking, French song and

dance number. It sets out

to show that not all the

best turns are at the

smartest halls, and to prove

it, the stars from the

"Angry Cow" save the show

at the Paris Music Hall.

The turns are easy to follow,

there are printed English sub-

titles, the film is in colour, and

the production is fairly lavish.

The humour is fairly obvious,

if you go notice where one

scene is mixed up while the

stars sing of a heat wave, but

the stage set, accidentally is

made up for an ice scene.

A typical French stunt, and

one they bring on so well be-

cause it is all done so mock-

seriously.

This is one film from a

French season the Queen's and

Alhambra are running at the

moment, so those who like these

productions had better watch as

two academy award films will

be on next week.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE**SHOWING**

STAR and METROPOLE:

"The Tattered Dress" A

courthouse drama starring

Jeff Chandler, Jeanne

Craig, Jack Carson, Gail

Russell and Elaine Stewart.

HOOPER and LIBERTY:

"The Shiralee." A film with

an Australian background

which introduces Dana Wil-

son, Australian child won-

der star. Peter Finch and

Elizabeth Sellers.

LEE and ASTOR: "The Story

of Mankind." Hendrik van

Loon's Best Seller made

into a colossal star-packed

historical drama.

ROXY and BROADWAY:

"The Great Locomotive

Chase." Walt Disney's epic

from the American Civil

COMING

STAR and METROPOLE:

"The Monster that Chal-

lenged the World." A United

Artist release of a horror to

outherior all horrors. Tim

Holt and Audrey Dalton.

HOOPER and LIBERTY:

"Lone Star." Re-issue of a

Western, starring Clark

Gable and Ava Gardner.

LEE and ASTOR: "All Mine

to Give." Heart-warming

entertainment based on the

story of a Scottish emigrant

to the States and the sorrow

that hits his family. Glynis

Johns, Cameron Mitchell,

Rex Thomson and Patty

McCormack.

ROXY and BROADWAY:

"Lucky Jim." Ian Carm-

ichael stars in the film ver-

sion of Kingsley Amis's

novel. The best British

comedy film since "Gene-

viève."

KING'S and PRINCESS:

"The Story of Esther Cos-

tello." A great film that

blows the sham charity

racket wide open. Joan

Crawford, Rosanna Brazzi

and Heather Sears.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA:

"Gervaise." The sensational

film based upon Emile

Zola's novel, "L'Assom-

moiré." A film for adults

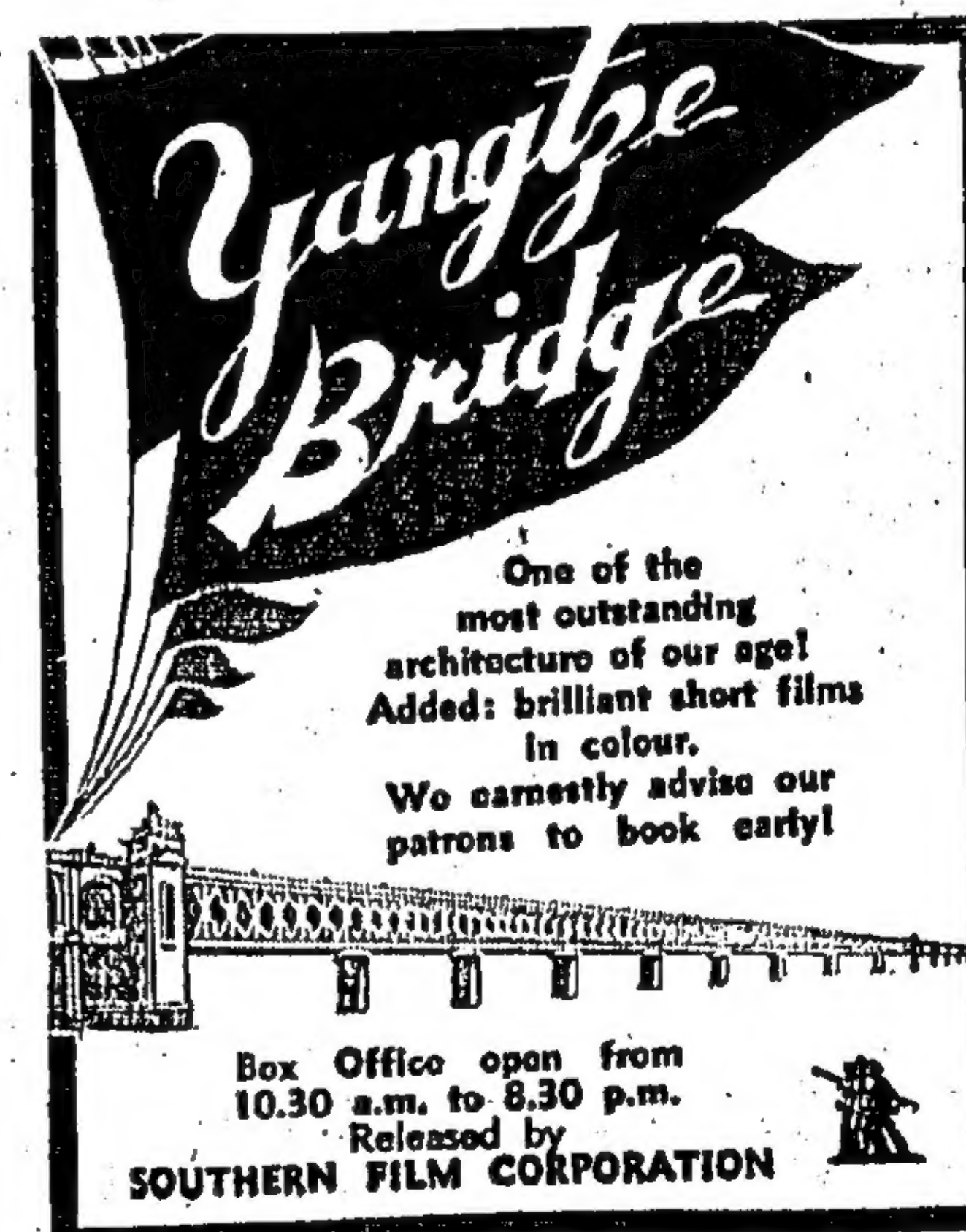
only, sordid, morose, yet

great film work.

ALHAMBRA

AIR-CONDITIONED

★ **SHOWING TO-DAY** ★
 AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



One of the most outstanding architecture of our age! Added: brilliant short films in colour. We earnestly advise our patrons to book early!

Box Office open from 10.30 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. Released by SOUTHERN FILM CORPORATION

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 AIR-CONDITIONED
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APRIL LOVE
 SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
 "K.I.S.M.E.T." || "PUBLIC PIGEON No. 1"

QUEEN'S

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

A CHARMING MUSICAL
 WITH SNAPPY TUNES



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW
 AT 11.30 A.M.
W-B'S COLOR CARTOONS & VARIETY PROGRAMME
 AT REDUCED PRICES

HOOPER : LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 78371 KOWLOON TEL 60142 60349

TO-DAY ONLY 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
 and 9.30 p.m.

He fought for his right to be free... until an unwanted child became his

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
 A Michael Balcon Production starring
PETER FINCH · ELIZABETH SELLERS
 with DANA WILSON as
The SHIRALEE
 AN EALING FILM · AN M-G-M RELEASE
 With Perspecta Stereophonic Sound

STARTS TO-MORROW



with Douglas Kennedy · Keith Larsen · Meg Randall · James Best

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE : REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOPER at 12.00 noon **LIBERTY** at 12.30 p.m.
 Paul Newman Pter Angeli in "SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME" Norman Wisdom Maureen Swanson in "UP IN THE WORLD"

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY
 Please note change of times:
 AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.
 A Remarkable TRUE Spy Story
 Now A GREAT Motion Picture!



WALT DISNEY'S
Men Against The Arctic

WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS
 Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES
ROXY & BROADWAY: 2 SHOWS TO-MORROW
 Extra Performance of
"THE GREAT LOCOMOTIVE CHASE"
ROXY AT 12 NOON BROADWAY AT 12.30 P.M.

BROADWAY To-morrow Morning Show At 11.00 A.M.
LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
 At Reduced Prices

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Where Did The Italian Coins Go To?

The Swiss Bought Them — TO MAKE BUTTONS!

Rome. ITALY has started minting her first postwar silver coin, and authorities hope it will circulate more smoothly than its steel and bronze predecessors did.

Strange things have kept happening to the little coins which slowly replaced dirty tattered paper notes at the end of the war. The State mint turned them out in terrific quantities. On top of each other they would make a pile twelve inches high as the altitude of the Sphinx. Yet they stayed in the citizens' pockets and never came back to the banks.

Disappeared

It was not a matter of hoarding, which would be poor business. The new silver coin is worth only half its face value of 500 lire (50 cents), and the earlier small denomination coins were practically worthless.

So Italian Government authorities were surprised, not when the first large, very light five and 10 lire nickel coins disappeared mysteriously weeks after they were issued in 1949.

Swiss manufacturers had bought them up by the car-loads because they were the ideal size and weight to make bases for cloth covered buttons. Made wise by the experience, the Italian treasury withdrew the coins some time later, and starting in 1951 turned out new money of a smaller size that would not be attractive to button manufacturers.

Hated Counting

That caused—and still does cause—considerable trouble whenever a firm or a bank wanted a large amount of money in small denominations to pay salaries. The bank often just didn't have the change available.

It was not long before Government experts found out the answer to the problem—but not its solution.

Shopkeepers who got the small coins by the thousands from customers hated counting them and arranging them into piles for depositing in the banks, and kept them as change. Treasury Minister Giuseppe Medici hopes the situation can

be somewhat improved by special coin-counting machines already installed in some Treasury offices and in a few banks. The machines separate coins of different denominations, count them, arrange them in piles of 50 or 100 wrap them up neatly and print the amount on the wrapping. One such machine can make five piles in a minute. If and when the machines can be installed in all banks and placed at the disposal of depositors, Medici hopes more people will deposit their small coins.

Complaints

Yet another fact that appeared strange was the public's periodic complaints that there were too many coins of a given denomination around. The experts found the answer to that too. The coinage commission of the State issued a coin of a higher denomination. Citizens found it was more practical to carry in their pockets a small number of large than a large number of small coins. So they complained the

small coins were too many. After a few months the complaints always subsided. The new silver coin, whose first specimen was minted on December 5 is to be placed in circulation as soon as it is available in sufficient quantities, probably early next year. It was part of a Government drive to increase the public's confidence in the Italian Lira, at present one of Europe's most stable currencies.

Finely designed the new coin shows a woman's face from a Renaissance painting, symbolizing Italy, surrounded by the coats of arms of all main Italian cities—an elaborate design which would be hard for counterfeiters to imitate. The other side of the coin shows three sailships, a symbol of human courage.

Its issue comes on top of 1,850,000,000 pieces of the smaller denominations ranging from one to 10 Lire and 350,000,000 of the

50 lire and 100 lire denominations. All are in various light steel alloys called Acciaio (steel), Acciaio monetaio (Italian monetary steel), except the still rare 20 lire coin which is in a bright yellow bronze alloy (Brass).

Placed on top of each other, they would make a pile of more than 1,965 miles, or double the altitude of the Sputnik—or 6,500 times the Empire State Building, or 350 times Mt Everest, as you choose.

But the coins are so light that the entire huge pile would weigh little over 2,000 tons. And two denominations—one and two lire—are so small that even the red tape-loving Italian State has officially decided to ignore them in payments from and to citizens and regularly adjust the figure to the nearest five lire.—United Press.

—By ERNEST SAKER

MEMERE IS ARRESTED FOR 45TH TIME!

Paris. Weary Paris police said last week they've just arrested 74-year-old Lucile Blin, known to all the force as "Memere" (Little Mother) for the 45th time.

The offense: shoplifting. The arrest set a new French female record. Memere, whose previous sentence—if she'd ever pay any attention to them—last time coming to Paris up to and including the year 2850, spends most of her out of jail time in nearby Saint-Ouen where she was born. Then she gets the hankering to come to Paris. Usually wearing four dresses with innumerable pockets under a loose blowing black coat she heads for the biggest shops in town.

Pillow-cases

Police said she had an unpalatable selection of pillow-cases under her coat when they caught her this time in a large Right Bank department store.

Memere's official police records run back just short of half a century to when she was 25 and so inexperienced that she forgot to remove the sales tags from a couple of undershirts she'd taken without paying for.

She laughs at it now as a "grave professional mistake." When police picked her up this time she asked them to put "Noris" as her occupation. An honest, but short career as a sidewalk flower seller, still lives in her memory.—United Press.

Miners Squeeze Boss Out Of Parking Lot

Nottingham. Two miners have all but squeezed their boss out of the company parking lot in this mining town.

Noel Smith, General Manager of the Nottingham Area of the East Midlands Coal Board, said he was delighted when one of his miners drove up to the pit in a Rolls-Royce and another in a sleek Buick—until he tried to squeeze his own small Ford into the company parking lot.

"Miners are earning good wages," he said. "And I am glad they are saving up to buy cars. But it is a job finding enough car parks for them."—United Press.

Lo Man. Farmer's wife Mrs. Gullman, held on suspicion of slaying her 10-year-old brother, maintained that "savage Gullman" killed him. Police said: this thucky Mrs. Gullman forced her brother, Marcel Viole, to eat cattle shit to "drive away demons." He choked to death.—United Press.

GHOSTS STAMPEDE POLICEMEN Marching Chairs

Benha, First-Lieutenant Sinout Hanna Barsoum, police officer at Benha, in Lower Egypt, was advised to visit a medium after reporting to his own police station that "ghosts" had raided his flat.

He described the raid like this:

"It must have been 3 a.m.," he told his station, "when I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door, followed by the sound of furniture being moved about in my flat. Suddenly, I saw one of the chairs rising and floating about, some six feet above the floor...."

"I switched on my bedside lamp and everything returned to

normal. Then, while I was lighting a cigarette I saw the four chairs in the room gliding across the floor in file....

"I threw my cigarette away in terror and it landed on one of the marching chairs, which immediately floated to the ceiling, and having reached it crashed back to the floor."

"There must be demons in this house," I cried out in fear, and at once one of the chairs flew in my face and hit me. So I went away and spent the night with my neighbour."

On the following afternoon, he visited his flat, changed his clothes and sat down to relax. Once more pandemonium started. This time the cupboard and the bed joined in the infernal dance about the room. Stending himself, he carried his bedroom furniture into another room.

"I was greatly startled and surprised when I returned at night.... for the bedroom furniture was back in the bedroom which I had vacated," Lieutenant Barsoum continued. Unable to bear the situation any longer, the Lieutenant walked

back to his own station and lodged a complaint with the Benha Police Deputy Commander, Major Mohamed Rind, who led an investigating party to the officer's flat.

The door was unlocked and the police party walked in.... The infernal dance had not yet ended. The police representative had the doors of the cupboard removed to examine them and the doors were placed against the wall. But the doors flew back to the cupboard and banged shut. The police party rushed from the flat in panic.

The Deputy-Commandant advised his subaltern to seek the services of a medium.—China Mail Special.

14,000 Right Answers, But No Prizes

Helsinki. An advertising campaign that the courts ruled illegal left a tobacco firm wondering what to do with 14,000 right answers.

Helsinki district court decided that the Amer-Tupakka (American-Tobacco) Company—a Finnish concern despite its name—was not guilty of unfair competition in organizing a contest with a car and round-the-world trip as prizes.

Can't Award

But—the Company cannot award the prizes. Amer-Tupakka organized the contest last autumn to promote sales of a new cigarette. Contestants were asked to tell how many times the word "Millon" appeared on a cigarette package. Of 121,000 contestants, 14,000 got the right answer.

Other tobacco firms filed a charge of "unfair competition" against Amer-Tupakka.

The prizes, they alleged, were out of all proportion to the contest stakes. All a contestant had to do was find an old package and start counting. He didn't even need to buy the package himself.

"We don't know what we are going to do now," said Martti Santala, the firm's advertising chief.

Good Publicity

"The court said we couldn't award the prizes to two of the 14,000 winners. Maybe we will know what we can give them in a few weeks." But Santala wasn't unhappy. "It's been good publicity for us—both the contest and the court case."

Chocolate Bars With Red Ants Is Latest Craze

Tokyo. The red ant, the little fellow with the formidable bite and a liking for the sweets in the camper's larder, has ended up in bars of American chocolate and sandwich spreads.

No one here seems to know why the Americans want to eat ants.

According to the Alpine Food Company of Tokyo, 3,500 one-plate cans of toasted, dried, inspected and sorted for size. Any ant with a leg or antenna missing is rejected.

At the Tokyo factory, the ants are fried in first grade salad oil, great care is taken not to spoil their shape or colour. The ants are then salted and canned or put into chocolate bars.

Ant Farm

Asked about the export of ants, the spokesman said: "Last spring we received an inquiry on red ants for food from an American importer. We immediately patented our processing method and sent them some samples we had prepared. They seem to have been pleased with our product because we were promptly favoured with an order."

The company spokesman said that he did not know why people wanted to eat the ants. "It may be," he said, "because the Japanese red ants, which are between 8 and 15 millimeters long, contain a large amount of formic acid in their bodies. As formic acid is a cardioponic, the ants may be useful as a heart stimulant."

He said that if orders continue to flow in at the present rate of about 57,000 a month, the company will have to stock ant farms.—China Mail Special.

Science To Aid Tobermory Treasure Hunt

Edinburgh. THE Duke of Argyll is planning a ingenious new way of trying to find the treasure, reputed to be in the wreck of the Spanish galleon which lies off Tobermory.

He wants to use a specially adapted magnetometer—an electronic device for measuring the earth's magnetic field. It can also tell if there is any hidden metal around, such as silver or old cannon.

Magnetometer

The metal upsets the magnetic field and any variations are instantly picked up by the magnetometer.

Tests are soon to be made to see if the instrument can be used under water. Seawater kills its effectiveness, but scientists will try to overcome this by waterproofing the device.

Mud And Sand

It is hoped that the new method will overcome the big obstacle which has thwarted previous attempts to find the treasure. This is the mass of mud and sand which covers the wreck.

An official of a London firm assisting in the search says that the new attempt is expected to begin in May. Little has been done to find the treasure since two years ago. Many thousands of pounds have already been spent and little has been brought up.—Argyll Service.

The Luxury Disease—Coronary Thrombosis

London.

Do you own a car? Have you got a television set? Is your mid-afternoon snack quietly frosting in a gleaming refrigerator?

If you own all these things, the chances are you're a likely candidate for the "luxury disease"—coronary thrombosis.

This is the preliminary conclusion of a British physician, Dr. John Clyde, investigating the relationship between heart disease, diet and "luxury living."

Writing in "The Family Doctor" Clyde reports there is only one "exact parallel" for the upward swing of coronary deaths between 1923 and 1949—the number of radio and television licences.

There is also a "pretty good relationship" between the heart disease increase and the number of motor cars.

Less Exercise

Clyde adds, "More coronary thrombosis is associated with the better-off classes in this country now, and in general the improved standard of living here in the last 25 years."

"But it is, of course, not good enough just to say 'high living standards' because, how can, for example a refrigerator or radio or a motor car give you coronary thrombosis?"

"But wait. High living standards imply physical inactivity...."

"If a man doesn't take much exercise his heart also has less work to do. There is no need, therefore, for such a good supply of coronary arteries. But that is not all. A sedentary person, one with a refrigerator, a motor car and a radio, or television set, is more likely to be over-weight."

"That means the heart has more work to do."

Clyde says, "however, that doctors and researchers still have a long way to go before they can give us all the answers."—United Press.

Judge Decides Where Woman's Waistline Should Be

London.

A judge ruled where a woman's waistline should be last week.

Judge Geoffrey Howard, two lawyers, a tailor and the tailor's dissatisfied customer battled in London county court over the issue in which the tailor sought to collect £40 for a dress and jacket he made.

The tailor, "Ernest of Mayfair," charged that the customer, Mrs. Ernestine Middleton-Trim, refused to pay because Ernest built her waistline in the wrong place.

Put On Weight

The tailor said it wasn't so. He argued that Mrs. Middleton-Trim had put on weight since he made the dress last April. While the judge watched closely, he measured his complaining customer and announced the figures had stretched from 35-29½-40 to 40-30½-40½ since he last worked on them.

Nonsense, said Mrs. Middleton-Trim. She got out her own tape measure and said it showed she measured the same as she did when she ordered the dress. After Mrs. Middleton-Trim changed into the troublesome dress in an ante-room Judge Howard got down from his bench to have a close look.

He stood around while expert witnesses discussed ways and means of letting the dress out without lowering the neckline.

His Decision

Then the judge pronounced his decision. He ruled for the tailor after saying gallantly: "Mrs. Middleton-Trim may mix in more exalted circles than I do, but if I went to a party and saw her wearing that dress I should say how exceedingly charming she looked."

But he ruled the dress and jacket were a little tight and the waistline wasn't quite in the right place.

Mrs. Middleton-Trim was ordered to pay up the cost of alterations.—United Press.

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the world's foremost jewellery exhibition.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



Gloria Swanson (right above), unknown sister of film actress Maureen arrives from South Africa to find her own fortune in London.



Came the message from Juno Bissmire's mother: "George has given up his priesthood. He is a fine and good man. It would make your father and me very happy if you would accept him." That was the end of a turbulent romance in which Protestant Juno avoided the Roman Catholic Parish Priest whom she loved. This week they both began new jobs. He—teaching. She—modelling at a Bond Street fashion house.

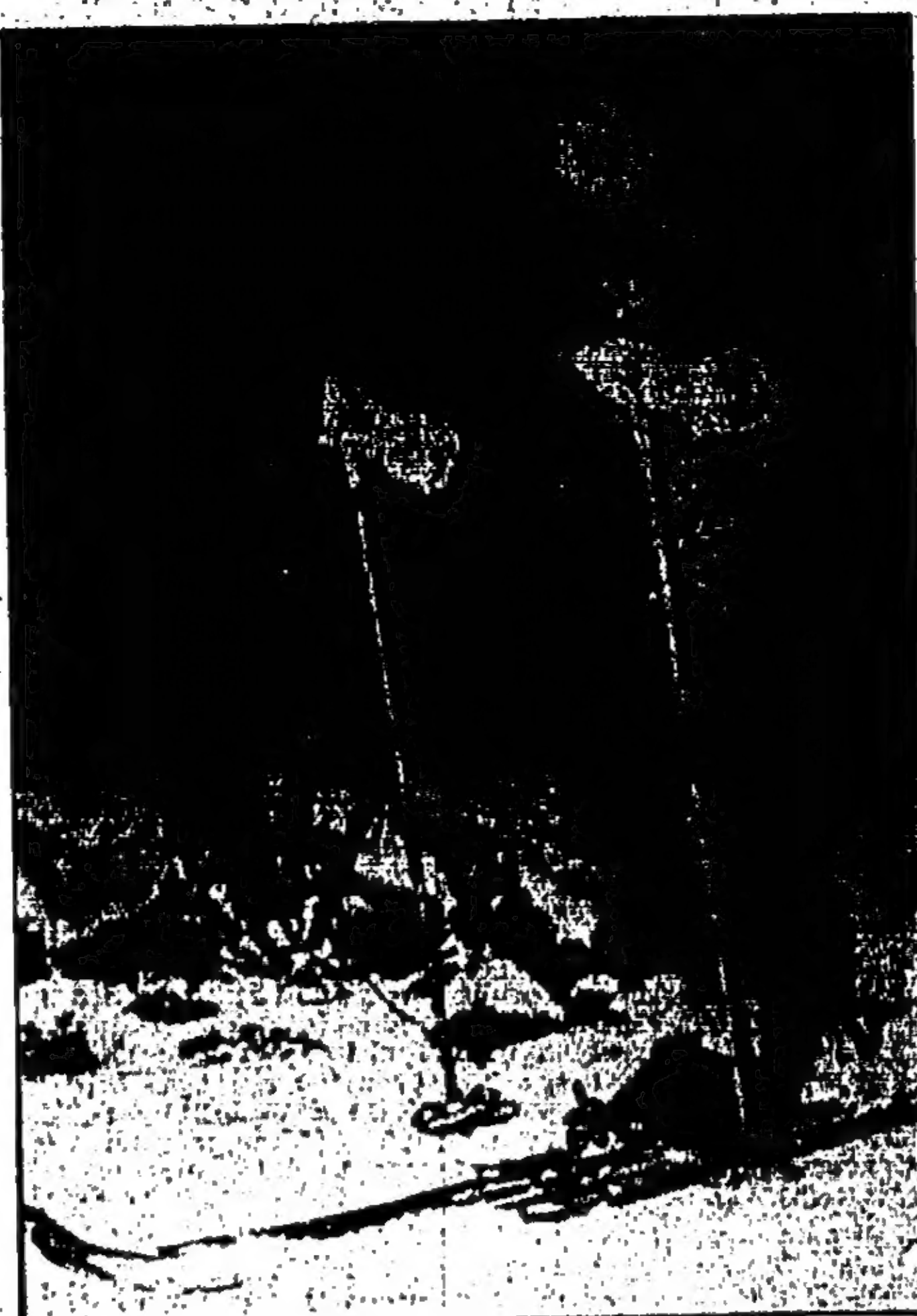
Georgina Moore who substituted for Princess Margaret—sitting for Pietro Annigoni's most discussed portrait.



Married six months—they meet for the first time. Boris fought with Polish forces in Britain during the war; heard a childhood sweetheart was still alive; wrote; married by proxy; now meets again after 19 years.

Hand in hand with the Queen's Press Secretary Commander Calville, Prince Charles catches the school special back to Cheam.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike salutes the last of the few, a Spitfire and Hurricane, at the closing Battle of Britain fighter station—Biggin Hill.



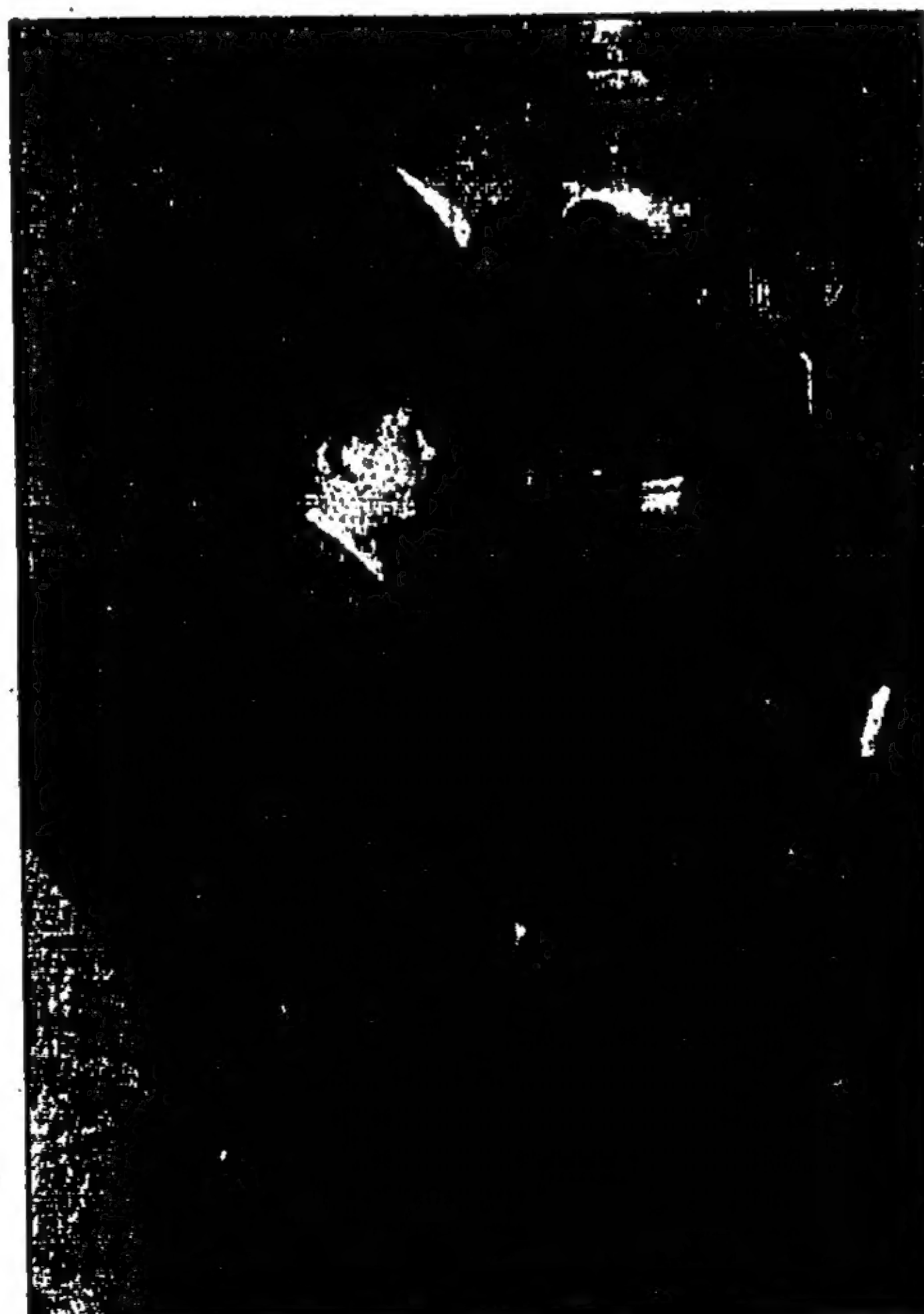
Here's the projected high-speed monorail bus that may one day link Victoria with London Airport in 20 minutes. If work began now the service could start in 1961.



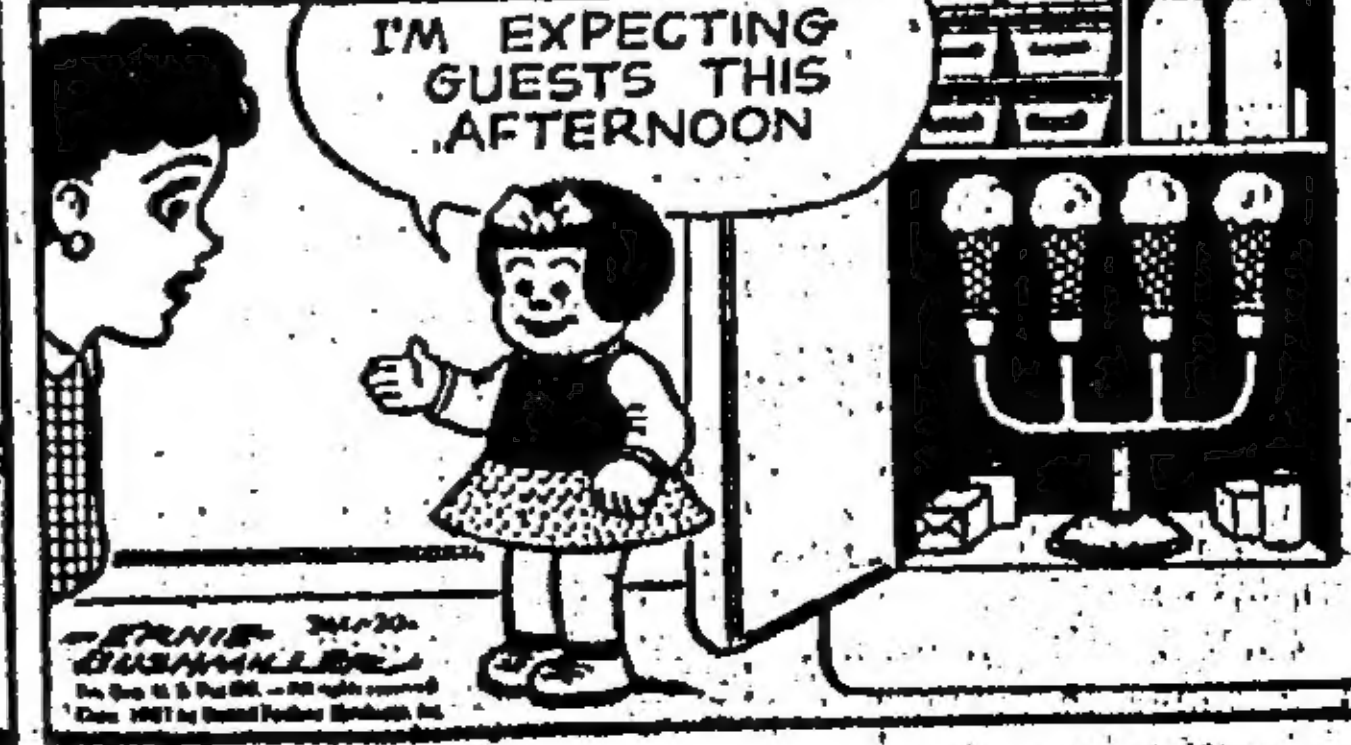
Peter Fuchs (17) in search of snow finds no justice. His father at the South Polo has too much. And the grounds of Sedburgh School in the West Riding do not have enough.

Princess Alexandra arrives at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, with an up-swept hair style. The show was the first British performance of Francis Poulenc's new opera "The Carmelites." The pictures, taken by fast winding camera man, show the front and rear views of the new hair style as the Princess arrives at the Opera House.

King Freddie, the Kabaka of Buganda arrives for the wedding of his former ADC Ronald Owen. Reports of a plot to assassinate the elegant 34-year-old Kabaka brought the biggest turnout of police and detectives ever to attend a smart London wedding. The Kabaka's present... a carpet of antelope skins.



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC



the finest chocolates in the world

ROUND THE KREMLIN IN 80 SECONDS

It is announced that somebody called Mike Todd has announced that somebody called Mike Todd and someone called Liz Taylor hope to make a film in Moscow.

This is great news for the Russians who never dreamed that their call for high-level meetings would achieve anything as high-level as Mike Todd.

But they must have felt just a little tiny bit hurt at his remark: "Liz will rock Moscow." She would undermine the whole economy there except she won't be staying long. There's nothing to buy.

Come, Mr Todd. We seem to remember reading somewhere that the Russians have produced one or two commodities lately which, so far, even Mike Todd, the United States, and the rest of us have been unable to manufacture.

GIANTS of Sport No. 3

It's true what they say ABOUT DIXIE!

THERE were three matches to go, and the young centre forward needed 10 goals to set up a new League record. Then there was one match and three goals to go. Then it was the last match... 12 minutes and one goal to go.

The minutes ticked by. Even the seconds became important now. Every man in the crowd on that day in 1923 held his breath. They watched, and waited.

Then it came. It was a centre from the left wing, a perfect centre. Up went the centre forward. His head met the ball. A split second later it was in the net.

Players and fans alike swarmed around the jubilant centre forward. The remaining minutes didn't matter. Nothing mattered except that Dixie Dean had scored, not just a hat-trick, but 60 goals in one English League season.

It was a record not yet, perhaps never to be bettered. A moment of triumph for Dixie Dean; triumph all the greater because it followed near tragedy.

A Bike

Turn back the clock a year and a half. William Ralph Dean, an Everton player for 16 months, is badly hurt in a motor cycle crash. They patched Dixie up. But looking at his multiple injuries, including a fractured skull and two fractured cheek bones, the specialist declared: "You'll never play again."

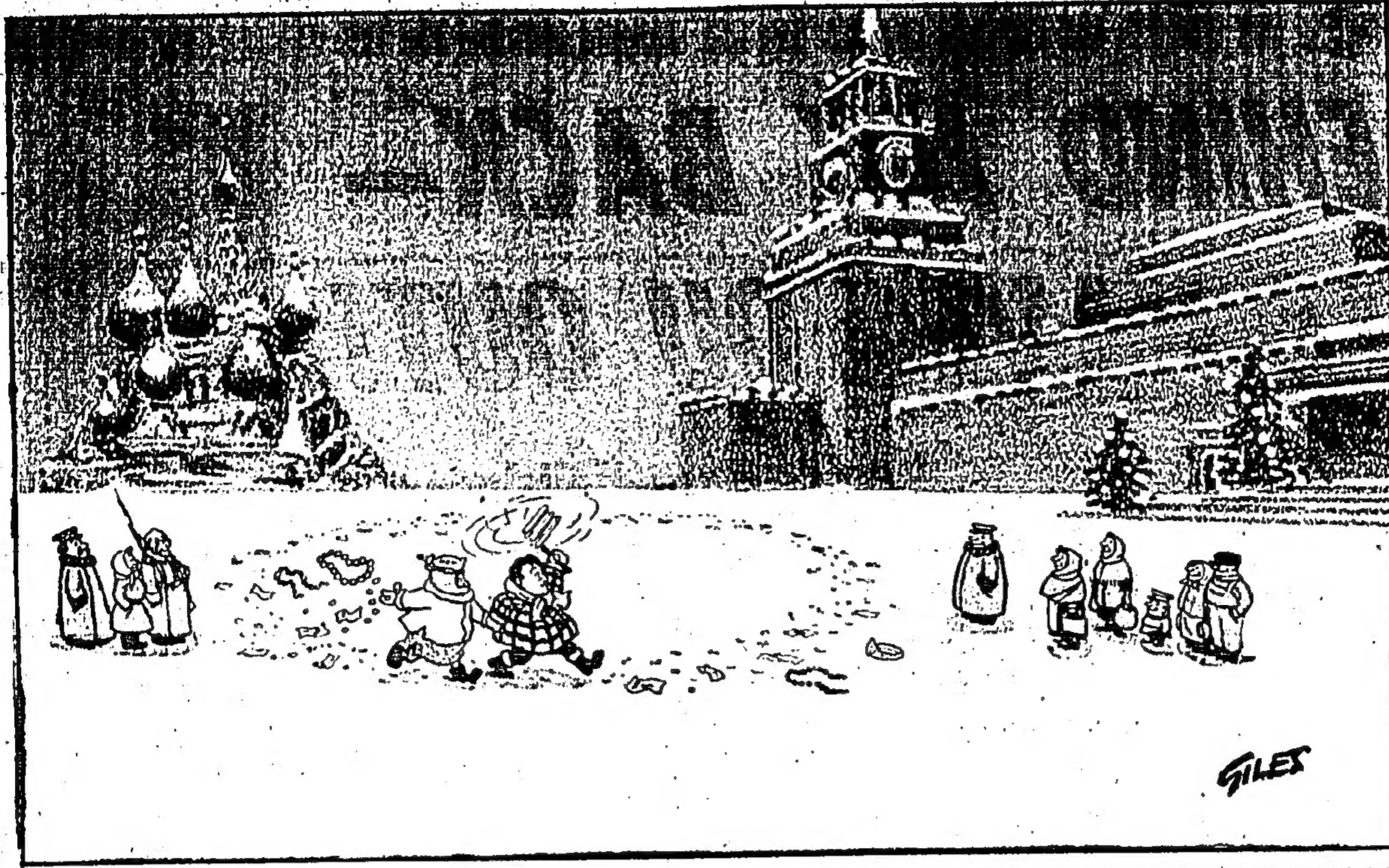
Dixie Dean had other ideas. Slowly he fought his way back to soccer fitness. It began with hospital treatment, and convalescence. It was carried on with the kicking of a small child's ball, then a soft bladder, and then a light football.

Then came the big test, Dixie was to play in a match. It was a muddy day and the ball was heavy. But, in the second half, Dean met a hard centre with his head, and scored. He was fit again.

But, then, Dixie was, above all, a fighter. He struggled, aside the specialists' verdict, on being discharged from hospital, his first request was for a motor cycle to test his nerves.

Dixie Dean was back, back to stay for several years as England's possibly the world's greatest centre forward.

Some play football just for the fun of it. Some play to earn their living. Some grow to love the game so much that even when they are compelled to hang up their boots and call it a day, they cannot leave the game alone.



By ERIC NICHOLLS

Dean closely. Throughout the game he stayed within a foot or two of the centre forward. After a while, Dean moved towards the touch-line. Roberts followed. Dean made to walk off the pitch. "Where are you going?" asked the bewildered centre half. "To the lavatory. Are you coming?" Dean replied.

A Salmon

But he was more than a great footballer and an incorrigible joker. He would go out of his way to help others. A fifteen-year-old boy centre forward who had been kicked in the back, lay dying in a Leasowe hospital.

The boy wanted desperately to see his hero. Doctors contacted Dean, who made a special journey to visit the boy, showed him his medals, swapped soccer stories, and gave him an autographed photograph.

And so the man who had caused centre halves sleepless nights—helped a young boy to sleep easier that night.

When he bought a 42 pound salmon—the biggest catch of the season in the River Dee—Dixie gave it to the patients of Chester Hospital.

Because of acts like these Dixie Dean was respected as a man as well as a footballer. Dixie still runs his Chester hotel. It is seventeen years since he left big-time soccer. But, at 50, he is not forgotten.



Dixie Dean

The real secret of being a live wire

by Kenneth Reid

WITHOUT proper sleep you cannot function efficiently in your work and play—and that means comfortable, relaxed, and sound sleep.

The real solution to loss of sleep is to be found not in the doctor's surgery or the chemist's shop but in the bedding display, where there are plenty of good, modern beds and mattresses.

"Good" and "modern" are important. You cannot get a good night's sleep if you have been twisting and turning all night on a lumpy, broken-down old mattress that is "fired" through being slept on for too many years.

Statistics show that most mattresses in Britain are in use for about 17 years.

That is too long. Mattress making has undergone a revolution in the post-war years. The modern mattress is the product not only of the craftsman but of the scientists too.

POSTURE

MANUFACTURERS can now use a research establishment where experiments are continually going on into sleeping posture and habits and into the various ways in which mattresses can be made most comfortable and restful to all sorts of sleepers.

The result is, we believe, that the modern British mattress is the best in the world.

How to go about choosing a mattress? There are, of course, several types to choose from, hair, rubber, or spring interior. The type of mattress you like is a personal choice.

But there are far more spring interiors in use in Britain today than any other type of mattress. Look for the British Standards Institution "kite" mark on the mattress. It is a guarantee of quality. That the mattress

has the right number of tested springs, and that the fillings are clean and wholesome.

The British Standards Institution standard is, however, a minimum one, and you should bear in mind that there is a wide range of quality among "kite" marked mattresses.

Consider the quality of the cover and do not be led away by appearances only. Covers can be strong and attractive at the same time.

With the spring interior type of mattress you can be sure of adequate ventilation.

But the most important point about buying a new mattress is to TEST IT. Too many people seem to be content with just prodding a mattress with their finger tips. But you can't expect that to tell you what the mattress will be like to lie on, can you?

There is only one way to test it. That is to lie down on it in the shop. As a general guide, however, you can take it that you will be able to buy a mattress for between £12 and

guineas. You will get a double (4ft. 6in.) mattress for between £11 guineas and 60 guineas.

Spend every penny you can afford—even more than you can really afford—for a new mattress is an investment in sleep, health, and happiness. You owe it to yourself to get as good a one as possible.

If every member of our families slept well every night life would be very much pleasant and happier.

Maybe you don't sleep well and never gave a thought to the possibility that an out-of-date and lumpy mattress might be the cause.

That is the trouble with a good many people. They've got so used to sleeping "rough," that they are not aware they are doing so.

It's probably time YOU bought a new mattress.

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Of course, it's very reassuring to have the President tell us that Dulles is the most dedicated man he knows, but personally, I'd feel a lot happier if he'd explained just what the hell it is that Dulles is doing."



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THE BUSINESS OF WAR

GO BEHIND MY BACK— and I'LL HAVE YOU OUT!

General Ironside warns Hore-Belisha

WHEN I went back to the War Office in October 1938, Mr Hore-Belisha had been Secretary of State for about two years. In his first year of office he had, in effect, dismissed the military members of the Army Council, because he considered them to be too old and too unprogressive, and had installed a younger team, headed by Lord Gort as Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

He took a keen personal interest in all the higher military appointments, exercising, to the utmost, the Secretary of State's constitutional powers of individual selection through the Military Secretary.

He was by far the most active Secretary of State the War Office had had for many years. He did much that was good for the Army, and he became popular with the rank and file. But he was not regarded by the senior officers as a good Secretary of State; even many of those who owed him their promotion disliked him and distrusted his judgment.

There was a widespread impression among most of the highly placed and responsible officers, especially among those who worked with him at the War Office, that he was too much concerned with his own advertisement, and they regarded his speeches on Army Estimates in the House of Commons as much too optimistic; they looked on them as positively misleading.

When he made Gort CIGS, Hore-Belisha no doubt considered that it would help to "put the Army on

the map" in the public eye.

Apparent

But Gort's unsuitability for the post soon became apparent to all. In the War Office this fine fighting soldier was like a fish out of water. When I arrived, relations were already considerably strained between him and Hore-Belisha; their mutual dislike increased as time went on.

By the time the war came, Hore-Belisha and Gort had been barely on speaking terms for many months. So far as I could see Hore-Belisha bore no animosity to Gort, but he was obviously well aware of Gort's distrust and dislike of himself.

In my own dealings with Hore-Belisha, I never found him anything but courteous and charming (and he had considerable charm when he cared to exercise it), and I could not but admire his subtle brain. But I was acutely conscious of the animosity felt towards him by practically every senior officer.

On September 3, the Cabinet decided that Gort was to be Commander-in-Chief of the Field Force, and General Ironside was to replace him as CIGS.

Most of us felt that the combination of Ironside and Hore-

Belisha could not last. Some of us believed that Hore-Belisha would find himself overshadowed by Ironside in the Cabinet Councils, and that he would soon find a way to get rid of him. Others felt the betting was the other way, and that Ironside would get rid of Hore-Belisha. They were right.

On Ironside's first morning in the War Office I went to see him in his room to brief him for his first Chief-of-Staff meeting. But before he looked at the papers he gave me an account of the interview he had had with Hore-Belisha.

Sticking out his enormous forefinger, and banging the edge of his table with it as he spoke, he delivered himself in terms something like these:

'My terms'

"I said, 'Now, Mr Belisha, I have formed a better opinion of you during the last few weeks. You have behaved extremely well during the crisis, and I have changed my mind about you. But understand this—and let us be quite clear about it—I never asked to become CIGS, and I accept it only on condition that you are perfectly frank with me, that you never go behind my back, or speak contrary to or without my advice on any military matter. If I find you doing that, I will have you out, or I will go. These are my terms, and you must accept them.' I always told Jack Gort, 'What he should have had a charter like that with Hore-Belisha—it is the only way.'"

On November 8, as I was going back into the War Office

after dinner, I met Hore-Belisha on his way out. He said: "You know, Kennedy, I think we've won this war if we only hold on and stick it out, and don't go in to help the Belgians and the Dutch. I'm going over to France next week; would you like to come?" I said I would love to.

The Military Attaché met us at Le Bourget. There was no love lost between him and Hore-Belisha. "He's dull as ditch-water," said Hore-Belisha; "I can't think why Gort wanted him here." The Military Attaché, on the other hand, told me that he felt it was good for his soul to meet Hore-Belisha occasionally; he disliked him so much that it was a very good exercise in self-control.

During the journey back to Paris after his visit to the front, Hore-Belisha asked me to join him in his car. He began by describing how he had got rid of the Army Council.

"They were an awful set of duds. You have no idea how impossible they were. They had to be got rid of. I wrote them

all letters telling them they must go. "I knew we had to prepare for war when I came to the War Office. I can get things done and I got them done. Look at all the concessions I got. I got the equipment, I said that if I got the money I was not going to spend it on uniforms. You fellows do not understand the politician's role. I choose my moment. I go and see my colleagues when necessary. When I take up a thing, it gets done. I have no idea of the opposition. I have met in the War Office in everything I have tried to do. It has been a constant struggle."

"My impression of the front is that they are working on quite the wrong lines. There ought to be hundreds of pill-boxes every hundred yards if necessary."

On December 3 I had a long talk with Ironside. He had just returned from France, where he had been investigating the

criticisms of the defences which Hore-Belisha had made in the Cabinet after his visit to the BEE, as well as further criticisms by Dominion Ministers who had also made a tour of the front.

"Now that I have seen the defences myself," said Ironside, "I intend to tell the Cabinet quite straight that Hore-Belisha is wrong. I think he'll have to go. It is time we had a better chap in the War Office."

Convinced

On December 10 I lunched with Ironside.

He went over the points of the pill-box business, and told me Gort was furious, not only at the criticism of his defensive arrangements, but even more so because of the way in which the criticism had been made—not to him direct, but to the Army Council and the Cabinet. In the absence of the CIGS, Gort had become quite convinced that Hore-Belisha was trying to unsettle him.

Hore-Belisha had misunderstood what Gamelin had said to him about the time it took to build a pill-box—Hore-Belisha had thought he said three days, whereas Gamelin had said three weeks.

"I said to him," Ironside continued, "that he could not speak French well enough for military discussions. I told him that his French was Le Tourquet French—all right for talking to Mademoiselle X on the stage, but no good for military conversations. Hore-Belisha said I could not be really serious, and I said, 'Yes, I am.' What he was really after was a Bellona Line joining up with the Maginot Line."

Eighteen months later, Hore-Belisha invited me to lunch with him at his house in Stamford Place. After luncheon we sat in his little garden behind the house.

Referring to our visit to France in 1940, he said: "I remarked to Gort that I did not think very much of the defences. Gort replied that he had 17 designs for pill-boxes, but that he had not yet been able to get a decision as to which should be adopted. I said that that was the story of tank design over again."

"I then summoned the Army Council to discuss the problem.

At the meeting Ironside said: 'Jack Gort knows nothing about defences. Let me go and see the front and report.'

"Ironside then sent a telegram to Gort. 'Secretary of State wishes me to inspect and report upon defences.' Naturally this telegram upset Gort. When Ironside came back he came immediately to see me, and said: 'All France is in an uproar at your criticism of the defences.'

"Well," said I, "I hope you will put them right." Then, to my astonishment, Ironside said, 'No—I agree with them, and he produced charts of defences which showed a great number of completed works.'

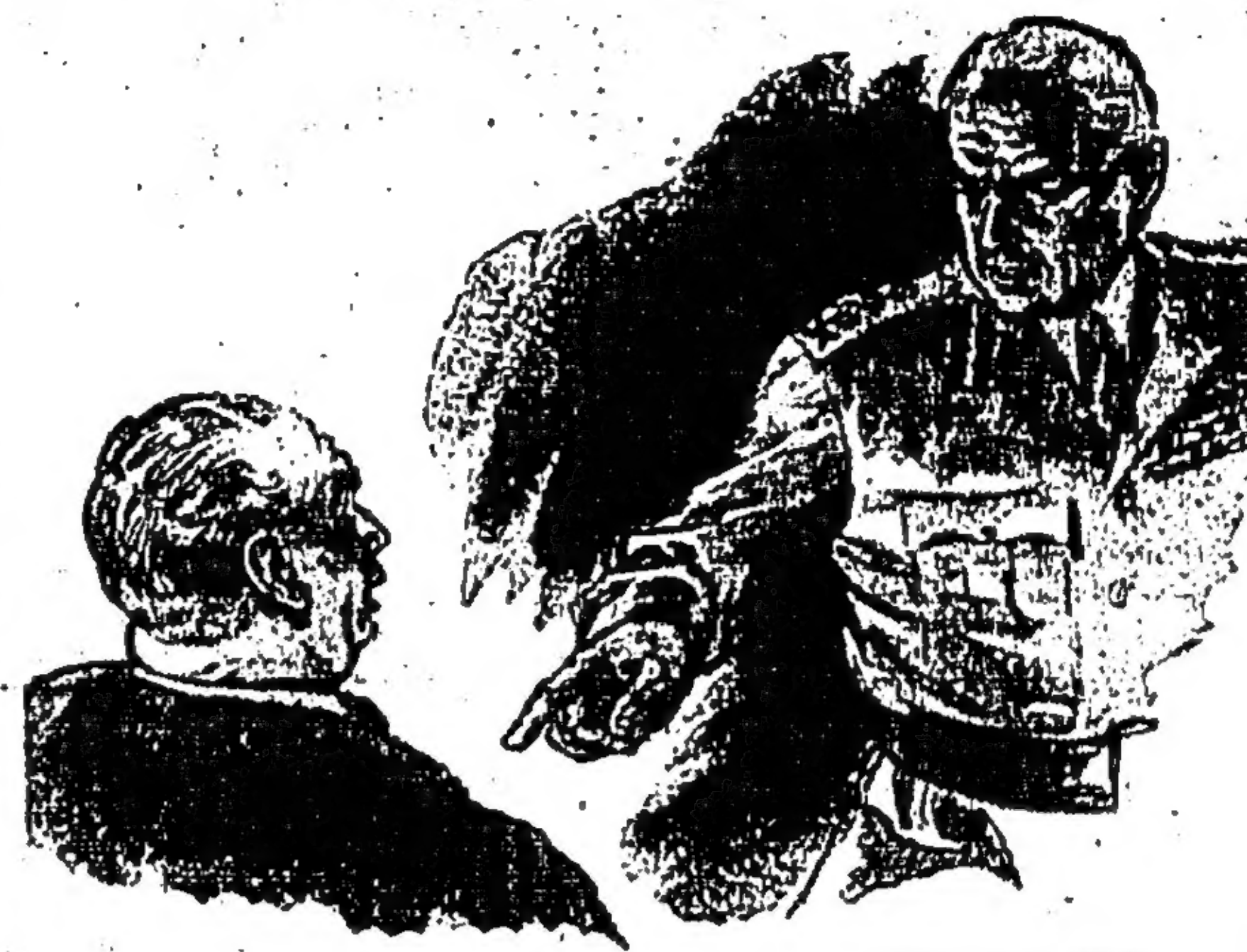
We talked about Churchill for a bit. Hore-Belisha said that he could not have served under him as a Minister even if he had been invited to do so; he could not have tolerated never being allowed to exercise the proper functions of a Minister. He had a poor opinion of the quality of the then House of Commons, but he thought that if feeling in the country against Winston became strong enough, the House would "rise to the occasion."

I declared that I thought Churchill's regime had entirely justified itself, in spite of mistakes, if only for two things; the first, the way in which his military colleagues, I never found him anything but easy to deal with. And I am in no doubt that the Army was deep in his debt.

He brought the Army and the nation closer together in many respects; he improved conditions of service where his predecessors had failed to do so, although they had tried; he had the knack of handling Chamberlain's Cabinet; he made some changes at the top of the Army at a time when the operation was overdue.

Yet although the Generals may have handled him more roughly than he deserved, I am perfectly sure he was not the man for the hour.

WAS THERE A CONSPIRACY OF BRASS-HATS? I SUPPOSE SO...



London Express Service



Hore-Belisha and Dill in France, 1938

by Major-General

SIR JOHN

KENNEDY

Director of Military Operations 1940-45, Assistant Chief of Imperial General Staff (Operations) 1947-48.

It is at first hand, that he was out to help in every way, these actions came to be regarded as a symbol of his reputed wish to interfere.

Very kind

But he was always extremely kind to me; for all his fads and afflictions, I never found him anything but easy to deal with. And I am in no doubt that the Army was deep in his debt.

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NEXT WEEK

'Back Wavell

—Or Sack Him

FERD'NAND



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



JOHNNY HAZARD



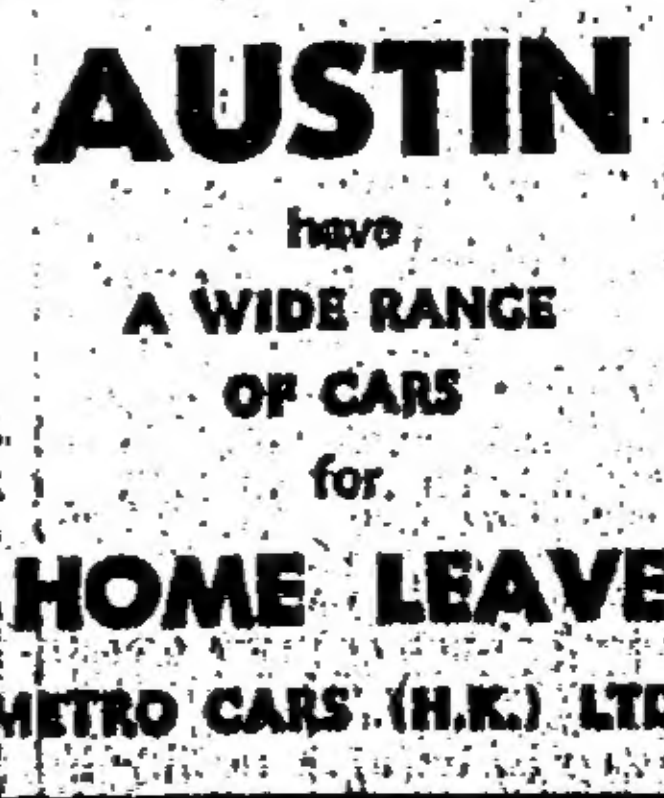
By Mik



There's More than Marmite about CADBURY'S HONG KONG'S Favourite Chocolate

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

By Frank Robbins



GENERAL KENNEDY confirms the suspicion felt in some quarters at the time of Leslie Hore-Belisha's dismissal from the post of Secretary of State for War in 1940 that it was "engineered by a conspiracy of brass-hats."

Imperial General Staff at the War Office. "One of Leslie Hore-Belisha's offences was his criticism of the so-called 'Defence Line' in France. He did not think much of the pillboxes erected there and he wanted to strengthen them. (I remember him telling me so himself). General Gort then informed him that he had 17 designs for pillboxes, but that he had not yet been able to get a decision as to which should be adopted."

But then, what could a mere civilian know about war? "Why," said General Ironside contemptuously, "what he was really after was a Bellona Line joining up with the Maginot Line!" Would you believe it? Yes, and it was exactly because the defences were so ineffective at that very point joining up with the Maginot Line that the Germans turned the flank of the Maginot Line just there and marched round to the rear of it thereafter storming into France.

News From Britain

Unexpected Boot

BRITAIN'S Labour Party has just received a swift kick in the pants from an unexpected direction. It came from all quarters Labour's own "Daily Herald."

Labour leaders at all levels have been told bluntly by the "Herald" that they are playing Tory Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's game for him.

At a time when—in Labour eyes, anyway—disunion reads the Tories, issue piles upon issue, and the Government's popularity throughout the country glides, the top men of Labour should be assisting the downward and outward movement with a series of hearty shoves.

Instead, wails the "Herald," the Socialists who matter are content to sit quietly by and watch what they imagine is an inexorable process of Tory disintegration.

This very apathy, complains the left-wing daily, plays straight into Premier Macmillan's hands. "Patented politics" is just what Premier Macmillan wants, says the "Herald."

It is not enough just to have the voters want the Tories out. They must actively want the Socialists in.

Although superficially sound, this exhortation may not have the desired effect on Labour's leaders. At the moment, they are drawing their strength from the internal troubles of the Tories—the differences which led to the resignation of the Treasury team headed by Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, the possibility of backbench revolt, Archbishop Makarios is brought back to Cyprus for negotiations.

As old Parliamentary hands, they know that the quickest way to seal the Tory ranks is to launch a major frontal attack. The attack in itself would weld the Tories. If the attack were repulsed, the Tories would emerge with enhanced prestige.

It is likely that the Socialist leaders have noted the constituency support ex-Chancellor Thorneycroft won for his explanation of his resignation, and that they are prepared to let this spirit filter through to the Tory backbench where it will do Labour most good.

Anticipated

"The only way to cure this Government of its blatant treachery to the working class is to prosecute wage claims in every industry in this country forthwith and then perhaps they will realise that the double-cross game does not pay."

The author of the foregoing is Mr. Ted Hill, general secretary of Britain's powerful United Society of Boiler-makers.

Mr. Hill, when he made this statement, was fulminating against the Chancellor of the Exchequer's refusal to issue a further appeal for dividend restraint or to take legislative action to this end.

In fact, Mr. Hill's rallying cry has been anticipated in a large way. Coal miners, railway engineers, London busmen, Ministry of Health workers and many more have already slipped in for wage increases, despite the Government's pleas for restraint.

Hero, indeed, is proof, if any is needed, that the Government has been so far pathetically unsuccessful in bringing home to the ordinary people of Britain the need to face up to the nation's economic problems.

Look Backward

The establishment this week of a Historical Commercial Vehicle Club in Britain highlights a peculiar facet of contemporary British life.

(There already exists a Veteran Car Club and a Vintage Sports Car Club).

This adulation of physical links with the past has really only manifested itself since the war. Nor is it restricted to old motor cars and grocery trucks. Gradually the fashionable woman has been edging herself back to the clothes and mannerisms of her predecessor of the twenties.

Among young men the affectionation of Edwardian clothes and hairstyles has become almost a cult.

In smart circles it is chic to be able to perform the Charleston. The musical hits of the twenties are being revived. And now the nation's junk heaps are being combed for, of all things, Victorian brass bedsteads.

Here is a fruitful field for psychologists and sociologists. A generation for some deep reason, turning back upon its course.

By Peter Burgoyne



"The Leader of the Opposition, I presume!"

Before you take the plunge—ten vital rules

by SIR GORDON RUSSELL

DIRECTOR OF THE COUNCIL OF INDUSTRIAL DESIGN AND ONE OF BRITAIN'S TOP FURNITURE DESIGNERS

CHOOSING furniture is largely a matter of common sense and some training of the eye. Anyone can learn to do it, but naturally some people do it better than others.

The ones who do it better have thought it worth while to take trouble over a job which, because of the cost, cannot be tackled all over again in a year or so.

Good furniture, well chosen for your own needs, will give you pleasure for years. It will not look out of date in a short time. It will improve with age, just as antique furniture has acquired a mellow flavour.

The kind of furniture which dates is that which is screaming at you to take notice of it, or is just plain dreary.

It is the same with a friend—several of the rules for buying furniture might seem too obvious to repeat—but although they ARE obvious many people don't take them into account.

Rosy glasses

YOUNG couples, just engaged, see furniture-buying through rosy glasses.

Perhaps the girl wants something she has seen illustrated in a glossy magazine or something she has pleasant memories of at home.

Perhaps both of them are thinking how much a week they can afford on H.F. as people should, but forgetting whether they are buying suitable things.

Or perhaps they run into a very high-speed salesman and buying means the only way to escape!

And older people often leave buying until their existing furniture collapses—and then take the first thing they see.

Buying furniture, I repeat, is like making friends. There are people who, on first acquaintance, are most exuberant and entertaining, but the next time you hear the same jokes you are aware of the same mannerisms, you feel that they are out to impress, to overwhelm with bonhomie.

You say to yourself this is fun for an evening, but fancy living with it!

Furniture is just like that—do you want it as a friend or a buffoon? You should be quite clear on this point, for you will be offered both kinds.

Furniture is the most expensive single item in equipping your home.

How will you use the room or rooms you propose to furnish?

DO YOU WANT a room to live in or to look at?

All of us have been in many houses where the centre of life is the kitchen. Here all is warm, cheerful, cosy.

There is a parlour, which is sometimes cold, formal and rather forbidding, no one dare put a pipe down on a table or walk about in his socks.



Ten points

Yet it was furnished with most hospitable intentions. Is there no way of combining these ideas of cosiness, hospitality, formality, respectability, friendliness, and good taste which all of us have at the back of our minds when we furnish a house?

Of course there is. Here are 10 vital points to remember:—

1. Ask yourself first how you will use the room you propose to furnish. Obvious? No—unless you are clear in your own mind as to what you want furniture for, how can you say what pieces you require?

2. Is the room light or dark, sunny or dull? Perhaps you haven't got a house, so you can hardly be expected to answer this one.

But it is important. In a dark room I should choose light furniture—such as light or lined oak, perhaps—white-painted furniture—even if I had to paint it myself!

3. Buy only such pieces as you really need. You will then be able to afford better quality and, equally important, there will be more room for you between the furniture.

4. Space to move about in a home is most important. In a shop window the furniture, if it is to be the central feature, but in a home it should be the people.

5. Buy well-mannered rather than startling furniture for the reasons I have given—fussy veneers, gaudy polish, chromium-plated handles are all right once in a while in a night club, but not to be worn in a home.

6. Buy for USE, rather than for show. Don't be brow-

So it is essential for all of it to be made honestly. Make the salesman explain any points not clear to you and don't be fobbed off!

7. Don't imagine it is impossible to combine old and new furniture in your room. It can be done with very happy results. But it is difficult to combine good and bad!

8. Don't buy furniture on weight! Lightness can be achieved by skimping, but lightness plus strength, as in airplanes, is not cheap.

9. The material in which an easy chair is covered is part of the design of the chair, as well as being part of the colour scheme of the room as a whole.

10. When someone tells you that the newest thing ever is to have a different colour on all your walls and a pattern on the ceiling, take a deep breath and think it over.

You have to LIVE in the room. On occasion a change of colour or pattern can be stimulating, but don't overdo it.

Background

GIVE your furniture a pleasant background and you will be giving it to yourself. Do remember that a home is a place for people.

Those who forget this—and there are many—make miniature museums, or art galleries of their homes.

And who wants to live in an art gallery or a museum?

Annigoni

by
OSBERT LANCASTER

ROYAL personages enjoy two notable advantages over their subjects: their health is in the hands of the most illustrious medicos of the day and their likenesses are taken by the most popular portrait painters.

While in the former case their chances of survival are far rosier than they were in Victorian times, in the latter they are infinitely worse.

For although the standard of British painting today seems to me to be incomparably higher than it was, an exception must be made in the sphere of portrait painting. It is not, as so many ferocious critics of the Royal Academy complain, that we have no Goyas, Gainsboroughs, or Titians, but that we have got no Winterhalters, Watts, or even Sargent.

No one can ever expect more than a handful of first-rate portrait painters at any one time (and we have, in fact, three), but one can reasonably hope for a good, workaday standard of honest craftsmanship to be maintained among the respectable second-rate.

More's the pity as it is just to such men that official portraits are, and have been for a century or more, entrusted.

Great artists such as Sutherland, Mr. John, and Sir William Coldstream are apt to be too uncompromising easily to accommodate themselves to such tasks.

THE STAKES

IT is, therefore, our own fault that so slick and shallow a sleight-of-hand virtuoso as Signor Annigoni is now way ahead of the field in the portrait stakes. As a draughtsman he is no better, on the whole, than the majority of the Royal Academicians.

But he has taken the trouble to study the paintings of the High Renaissance and as a result is in a position to employ a number of long forgotten technical tricks. Thanks to these he is able to disguise his inadequate draughtsmanship and total inability to grasp form beneath a sticky layer of surface charm.

However, accustomed as one is to the hopelessly superficial quality of his approach, one remains, nevertheless, stunned by the glaring inadequacy of his latest work.

FIRST, the question of scale. Princess Margaret, of all the beauties of the day, is the one whose quality most firmly resides in the scale on which it finds expression.

She possesses a delicacy of feature which calls for a Boucher or a Hilliard perfectly to preserve the ethereal nature of the total effect.

By painting her three-quarter length on an overcrowded canvas with nothing to give the scale except those fuzzy sprays of not easily identifiable greenery, Annigoni has started on the wrong foot and as a result the young woman in his picture looks just about as ethereal as a fully qualified masseuse.

SECOND, the drawing. Where the first time since the hurried sketch that art-education of this country that any of them for

found is that emerging departure of the Stuart, we from the drapery in the foreground, have a Royal House worth ground for all the reputation painting, we can honestly say it has with the rest of the produce no British artist able figure it might just as easily and willing to paint them.

THIS is the Gin

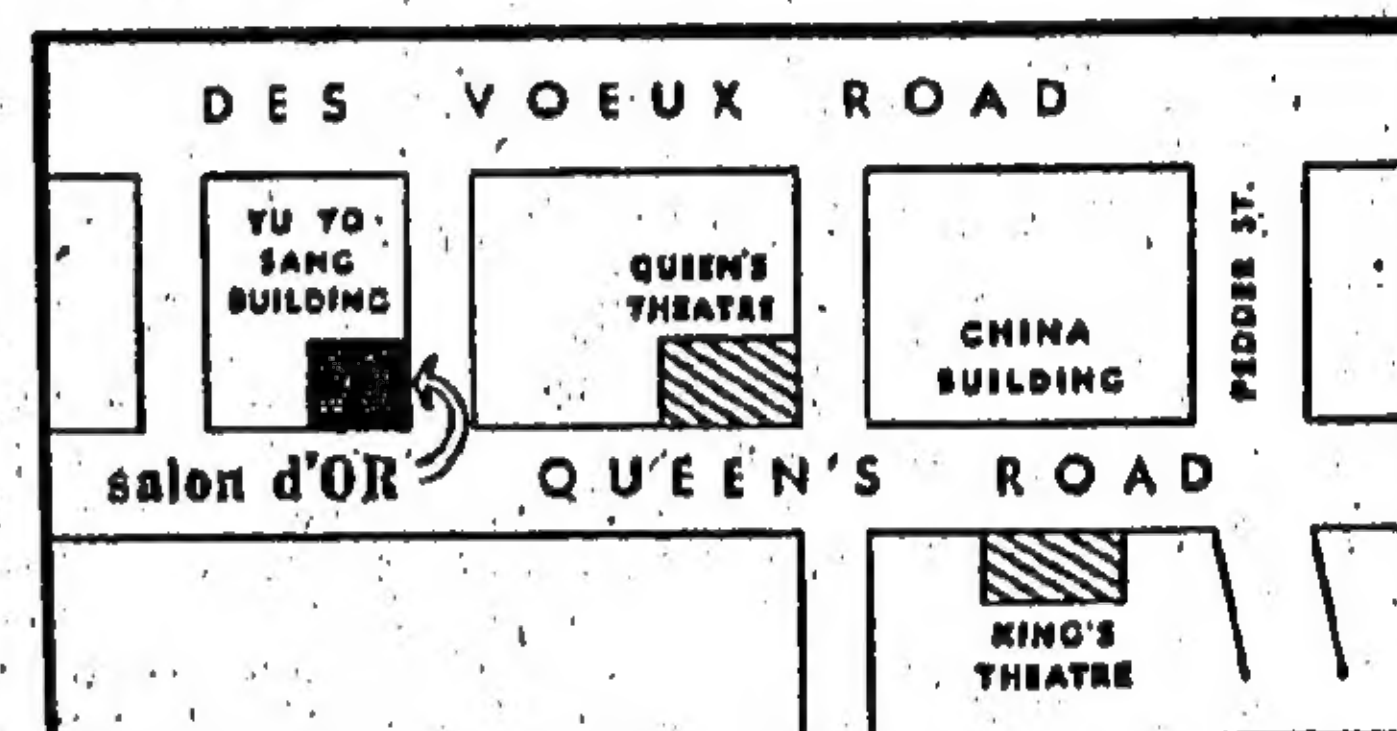


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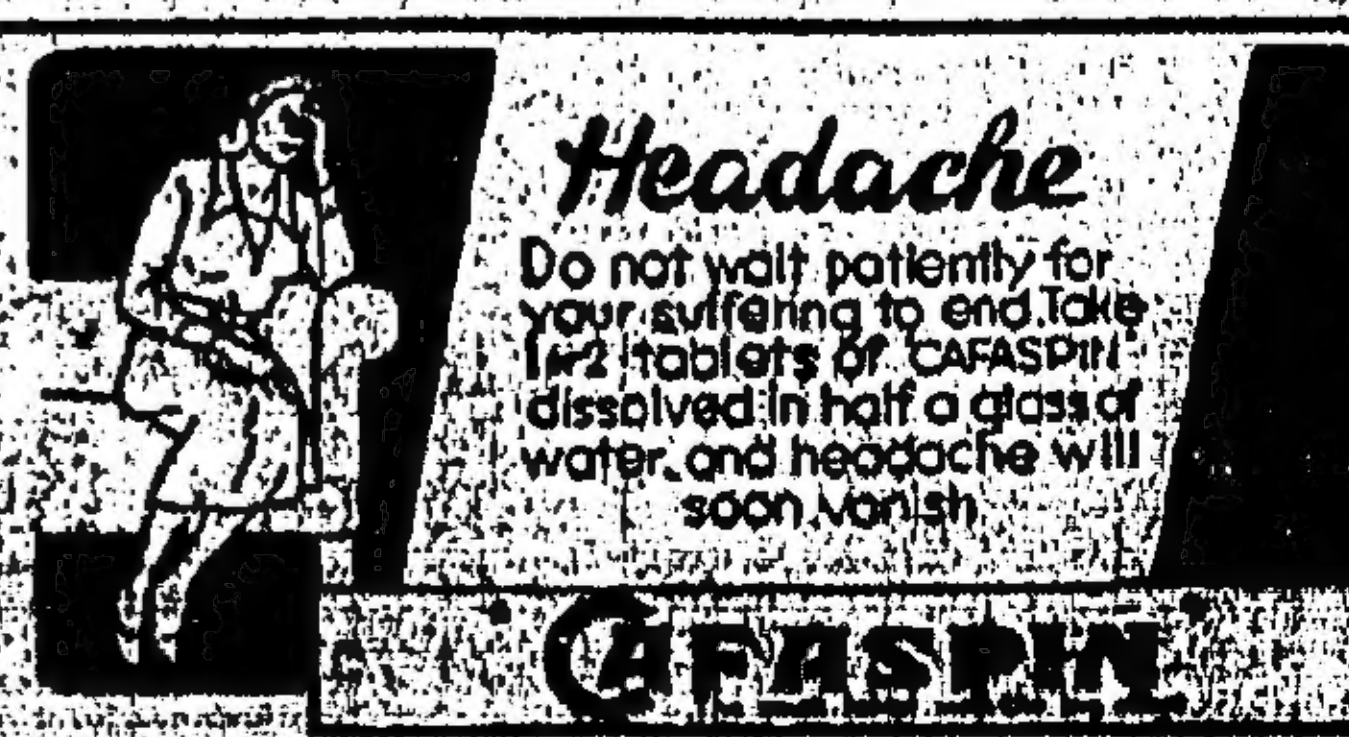


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CASPARY

MY CRACK-UP and

How I Rode It

by ROBERT DONAT



The young Mr Chips, and his wife—Graor Garson

ROBERT DONAT smiled as he looked out on the snow and sunshine from a room in Mayfair. And his gentle voice said:—

"It is so good to see life again. There have been long times during these last four years when I have been so desperate, so afraid, that I could not face anybody—not even my family."

It is difficult to know what to do, or what to say, when somebody tells you something like that. Especially when they are speaking about the sort of long private ordeal that Donat has faced and fought.

For four years now he has lain in waiting for his body to respond to his urge to keep on living. His voice—one of the most noble in the world—has been almost stifled, racked only by agonising attacks of asthma. And his great talent as an actor, his main reason for living, has been wasted.

'Wonderful'

FORTUNATELY Donat himself helped me over the awkward moment. He smiled more broadly. "Well, I'm back now," he said. "It's wonderful, as well as frightening."

Donat, one of the world's biggest stars who is admired, even loved, by millions for his performances in such films as "Goodbye, Mr Chips," "The 39 Steps," and "The Ghost Goes West," is back in a very big way.

He is to star with Ingrid Bergman in a film called "Inn of the Sixth Happiness." He is an actor in big style again, besieged by offers from our British producers, and from Hollywood too. And he is a man scared with the happiness of being back.

Only one subject was forbidden for discussion—the break-up, last year, of his marriage to actress Renee Asherson.

His adviser told me: "It is not that he is bitter about his marriage. The position is rather the contrary. He is grateful to Renee, for she helped him all that she could."

Donat sat in a blaze of sunshine in the window-seat of the hotel room. At first glance he looked like an ordinary man of 53. Neat, pin-stripe suit, crisp white shirt. Assured smile.

But his face despite the studied calm, still had a hint of romantic wildness. His voice, soft yet astonishingly clear, still had the vigour of a dominating personality. Only his hands,

clashed rather tightly, indicated that he might be frightened of meeting people again.

People . . .

HE added that fright with a wry laugh at himself: "I have always been the sort of person who wants to back out of things at the last moment."

"And I have grown worse. I'm afraid, about people. The most terrible thing about meeting people is that always always they say: 'How are you?' It somehow crumples me up,

as it must anybody who is trying to shake off sickness."

I asked him how he had managed to bear up during the worst days of his collapse. "I don't think I did," he answered. "I just knew that suddenly I had collapsed. I had to give up a film. It seemed I had to give up my future."

Challenge.

SUDDENLY his tightly clasped hands relaxed as he went on: "I was not very



Back Today

brave. I don't think anybody can be brave in such circumstances.

"I could not stand up to the strain even of ordinary conversation. I kept think-

ing I would break down when I opened my mouth, that my visitor would see me racked with coughing lost in despair."

He chuckled. "It was infuriating," he said, "to be offered some of the finest screen roles in recent years and to know that somebody else would have to play them."

I asked what the turning point had been. He rubbed his aquiline nose reflectively. "Who can say?" he said. "Perhaps it is a building-up, a regrowing within oneself."

"I do not talk of being cured, because that would be folly. I am still not entirely well, but I am going on nicely. I cannot advise because no two people are alike, not even asthmatics."

Then suddenly his arms swept wide in a big gesture. "But I do know that everything seemed right from the time that I felt the challenge to do something."

"The television people wanted me to do a New Year's Eve programme. I thought, 'No, I can't. No, I can't.' But they somehow thought I could."



ROBERT DONAT—the face that charmed the "30s".

"They even agreed to turn off the central heating in the studio overnight so that it would be cold—so that my asthma would not be affected by the warmth. The technicians sat in overcoats and I was scared stiff."

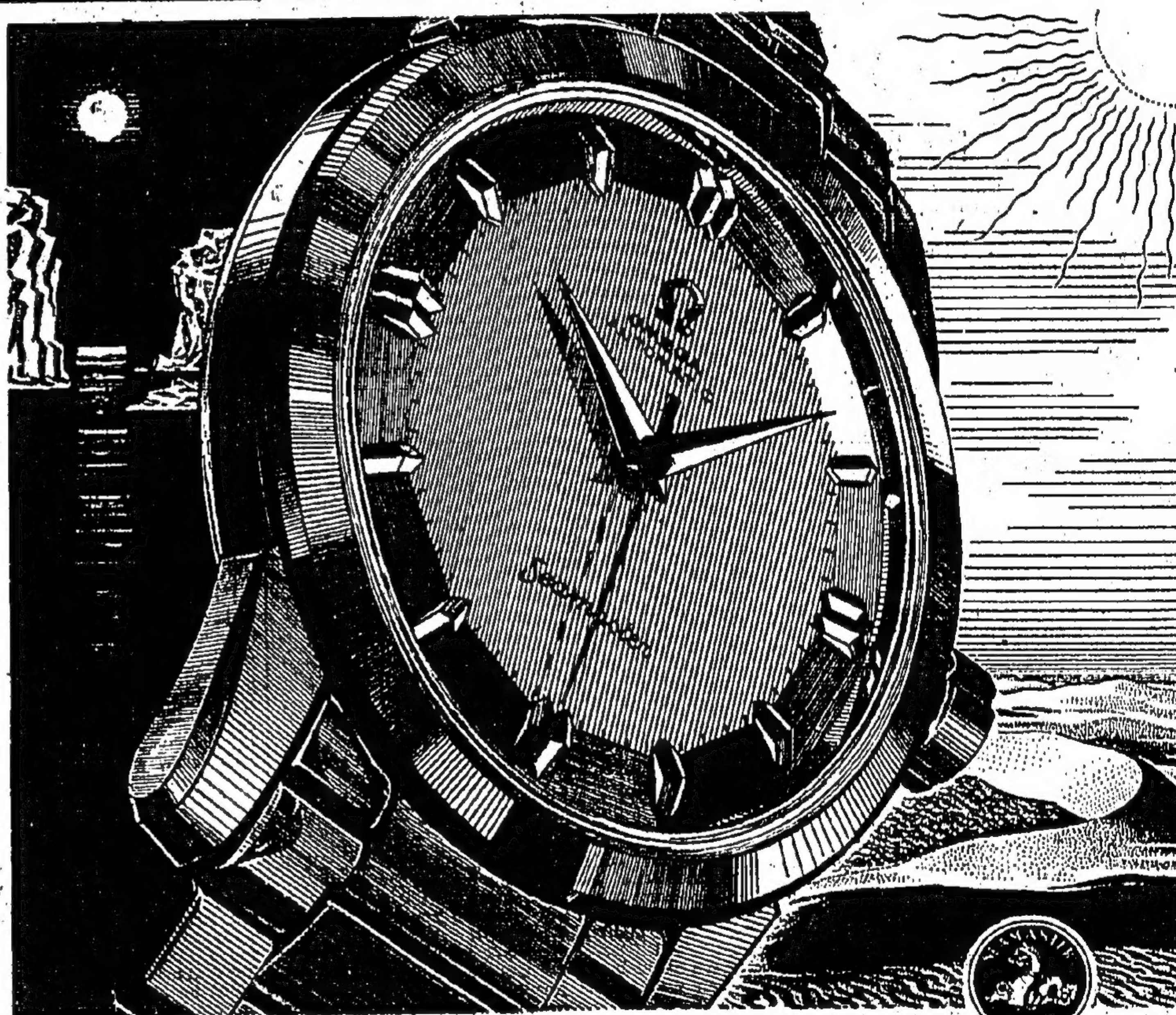
He paused and gave a short, triumphant laugh. "But I made it," he said. "I didn't even cough. Not once!"

I felt like sharing his laughter. Then suddenly Donat went back into his shell. The smile became cautious.

"The truth is that I feel the panic inside myself is at the root of my illness."

"But now I feel an optimist in spite of myself. I'm looking forward to the future."

John Lambert



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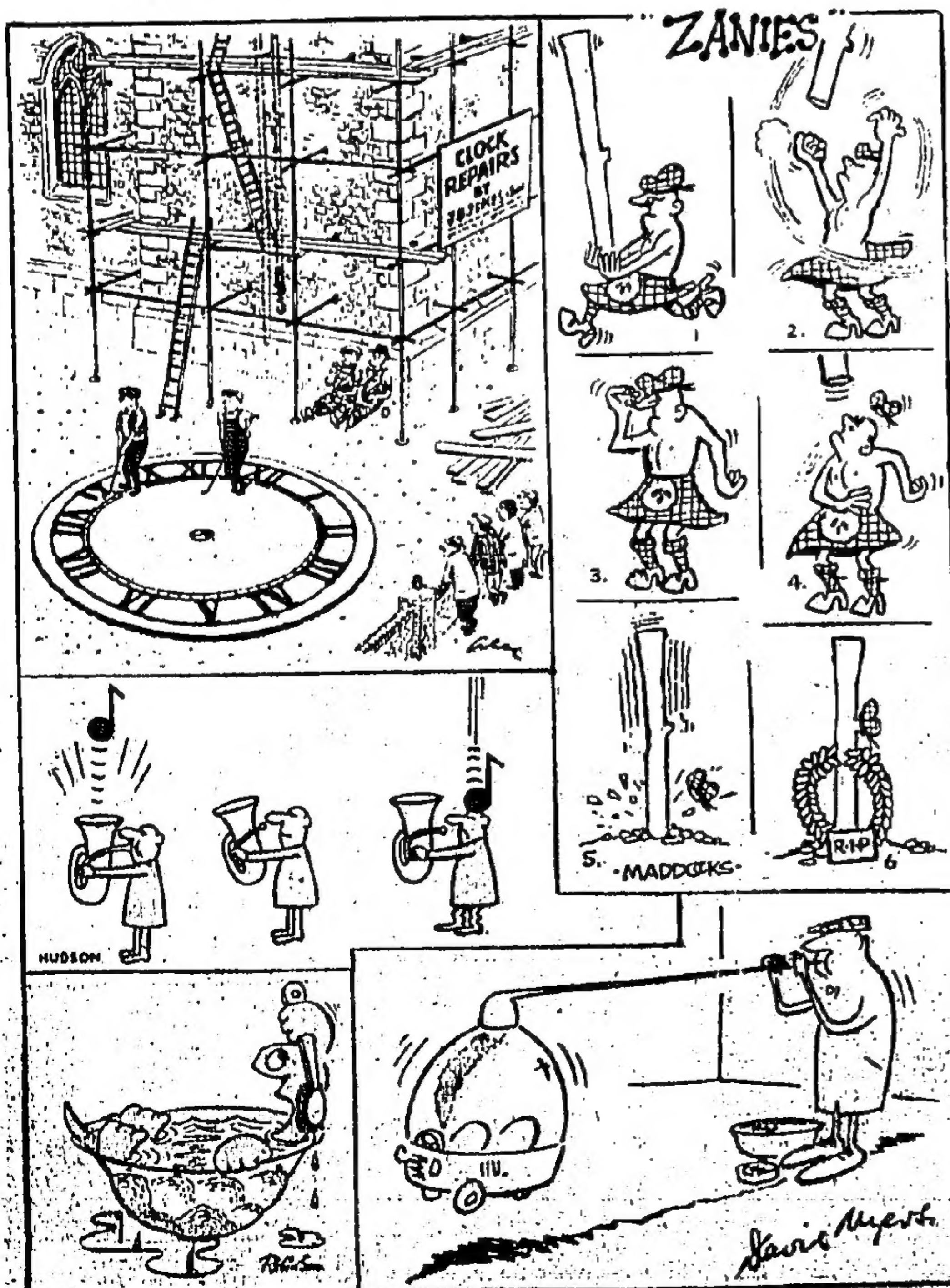
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

...And they say that models are supposed to be dumb!



A DRESS THAT GOES ON LIKE A COAT

It's June in January in the stores, with the first of next summer's dresses arriving to gladden our for-dimmed eyes. The big news is of clear black and white "spoon" prints... leopard, ocelot and zebra... herringbone or Prince of Wales checks... and they are all in cotton. My choice for today is a bold

alternative to the pretty-pretty flower patterns said to be so dear to the hearts of all British women. It puts on like a coat, buttons diagonally, and opens flat for easy packing and ironing. It is made in average sizes—also for size 5ft. 2in. and under.

DON'T anyone ever tell me again that model girls are dumb. In a 10-minute encounter I've learned more from one than I've learned from many other women in 10 years.

There was I sitting alone at the one Mayfair snack bar the fashion world loves, "toying," as they say, with a "Rarebit a la Mode" (a Welsh one with a bit of salad trimming to you) when up she drifted. "Model girl" was written all over her delicious little face—in blue, black, and dark peony red.

She snaked up on to her stool. I offered the menu to break the ice. At once we were deep in an utterly feminine conversation. Product of one of the "heartiest" English public schools, she was the most astonishing mixture of simplicity and sophistication.

We had a gorgeously rosy time with cosmetic surgery. Her best friend's nose had been straightened—"he went in through the eye sockets and did the job from behind... left her with a nose like a football but she looks dreamy now."

And did I know? (another model) who had had a second lift—"using the same scar, of course. Mind, it makes her look just the slightest bit Chinese. You can't keep on lifting without turning the corners of the eyes up... but in a sort of sinister way it suits her."

Comfortable!

She advised me that the French were better on busts—two balloons of plastic on the under side. It gives such a boost and only a sin, scar to show for it.

Br-r-r-r. I switched the conversation to cosmetics. She wore false eyelashes all the time—look, come closer, you swear you can't see them? Comfortable? But yes, I've worn them for so long I can't bear the sight of myself without them. I even sleep in them—well, sometimes. Only because I'm too tired to take them off—modelling's exhausting. But they set a bit bent.

It seems you can do anything in them—"except cry. Five minutes of a mixing tray and they start peeling off. I quizzed her on the rest of her make-up. How long, I wondered, did those huge, blue-

lidded doe-eyes take to complete? "About 20 minutes—if I've a steady hand. The rest of my face I leave more or less to nature. You can't have too many gimmicks."

'It's crazy'

From cosmetics to mothers—"mine wouldn't let me wear nylon until I was 16. It's crazy to chop a daughter down. Once I left home I went haywire—fashionwise I mean."

I bought a huge black velvet hat and wore it with a dead white make-up and a purple lipstick. I remember crouching and refusing to take it off. The boy I was with was livid.

She told me how the new T-strap shoes make thick ankles look so much slimmer.

She told me how men notice teeth first. "Some girls use a special white plastic paint. I tried it once, but it was agony getting it off again."

She said that everyone knew what Lord X was like (that she was burning to see *The Ten Commandments*) but that she had been offered a job as a mannequin in a store (but the pay was terrible—£10 a week and she was expected to sell things too)... and that her marriage was over—"Oh, ages ago."

She was, I judged about 19 years old.



An astonishing mixture of simplicity and sophistication

Tired?

A new tonic

"THOSE thousands of women shop-gazing around town—cannot think why they don't look at something they can get the teeth into," said Madame Kay Gimpel—meaning pictures. I had called in to Gimpel's, the Mayfair gallery, for an eye of Action Painting. Curiously they have a first showing of the works of a Dutchman called Bogart—extraordinary swirls and globes of colour, inches thick on big red-velvet canvases.

"You know," said Madame, warning to her theme, "there is often a period when a married woman's life becomes utterly pedestrian. She probably lacks the mental energy to tackle new writing or poetry. But she can use her eyes."

"Chatter-boxing is so stimulating—and such a cheap pleasure. No, I'm not preaching culture with a capital C. What I mean is, it's another world... a new dimension... so much awareness, open to the world, and conversationally, what on-ship."

She's absolutely right about painting. I'm not so sure about the on-ship. What do you think of Soulages? "Could be a dead-end as an opening gambit. But then so could 'What do you think of Beinfages?'"

Try it—It works.

So much for the colour. Now for the shape. Is there anything to be done for those unlovely tumes with grand, piano legs? "Yes," says Helena Rubinstein's beauty clinic. "Certainly," says Viviana Sorbelle—the girl who has slimmed down more noticeably than she'd care to mention.

Rubinstein's re-son and Transon—a suction cup treatment followed by Parafilm to tone up the muscles electrically.

The Sorbelle method includes special baths. We went then from the waist downwards, followed by deep massage. With this, a high protein diet and exercise.

Cost? Anything from six to 12 guineas for a six-week treatment.

Successful? No guarantee—but they're all very optimistic.

Don't Follow Food Diet If You Want To Reduce



HER FIGURE is perfect! Glamorous Ava Gardner is someone to keep in mind if you're weakly waiting for inspiration to reduce.

By JEANNE D'ARCY

DON'T diet yourself into a state of decline. That's just plain silly. Yet so many girls do it.

After a year—or years—of eating all the goodies in sight, they decide to shed weight. But they want to do it overnight.

Bad Dieting Practices

They go on fad diets, guaranteed to take off ten pounds in a week, or they try a few routines of their own, such as skipping one meal every day for a week or more. Either practice is bad.

Lose weight, if you need to, but do it wisely. Plan a well-balanced diet. Consult your doctor and let him map one out for you.

Five Helpful Hints

How to stay on that diet? It takes willpower, but here are five hints to help you:

1. Make it a rule never to have second helpings. No matter how much your

hostess pleads with you, be firm when you say No.

Calorie Chart

2. Carry a calorie chart in your purse, so you can keep tally of all you eat. Every mouthful adds to the day's intake, so watch it!

3. Eat slowly and you'll find you won't eat as much.

4. Do eat between meals—a carrot stick, a piece of fruit, a celery stalk—if you find that such low-calorie snacks help you to be happy with smaller meal-time portions.

Look at Pictures

5. For inspiration, paste a pin-up on your dressing table mirror, a picture of someone who's figure-perfect. Every time you look at it, consider that this is what you're working toward.

You'll find the photograph will help to remind you that your "hateful" diet will be well worth the trouble if you keep it up.

Now step out—in colour

HEMLINES are going up—up—UP—no doubt about it. And 1958 will make fashion history as the year of long, pastel-tinted necklaces and longer pastel-tinted legs.

I believe women will go wild about the new coloured nylon.

No more neutrals, no more skin tints. You will choose from

mist blue, coral, bluish pink, sea-green, or sable.

Key your stockings to the rest of your outfit.

The aim is a long-sweep-of-the-colour look from your shoulders to your toes. We've learned the wisdom of this from the Venetians, the crazy days when they wore bright hats, short dark dresses, and pale legs and cut themselves up into three different tones.

Today's varying depths of the same colour for a long-legged line.

SMOKING NEED NOT MAR A WOMAN'S CHARMS

By Patricia Compton

DESPITE the fact that it is now more than 70 years since a High Court in England ruled that a woman could smoke without any stigma being attached to her morals, there are still many people, mostly male, who strongly disapprove of the idea.

Although some male antagonism is undoubtedly due to selfishness—women trespassing on their reserves—women smokers often unconsciously foster this disapproval by slipping

into a careless and untidy manner of smoking.

Nicotine-stained teeth and fingers, ash carelessly dropped down the front of a dress, and smoking in the street are only a few of the crimes committed by these offenders.

If a little care and forethought is given to details, there is no reason why the woman smoker cannot appear as well-groomed and elegant as her "vice-less" sisters.

Nicotine stains on the index and middle fingers will usually

yield to a brisk rub with a slice of lemon, and then a well-soaped pumice stone. Or, alternatively, a piece of cotton wool dipped in some household bleach will do the trick.

Special care should be taken if the nails are varnished. If the smoke is allowed to curl around the nail the varnish will darken to a deep brown.

The best remedy, of course, is to make a habit of using a cigarette holder which is both protective and elegant. Discoloured teeth look most unattractive, and brushing in

the ordinary way will not remove the nicotine stains. Make a paste of peroxide of hydrogen and precipitated chalk and apply it to the teeth with the tips of the fingers. Allow the paste to remain for about five minutes and then brush the teeth thoroughly with a firm dry brush.

Another offence which often goes unnoticed by feminine smokers is the stale clinging smell of tobacco which pervades the hair. The only solution to this problem—other than wearing a "Smoking Cap"—is to wash

the hair regularly and often. In between shampooings brush the hair with a perfumed hair brush. To do this, rub a spot of brilliantine into the palms of your hands and then rub lightly over the bristles of your brush.

WATCH OUT

Finally, watch out for facial gymnastics. Nothing looks more unattractive than a woman with a cigarette pursed between her lips while she endeavours to sew or knit. With her eyes screwed up against the smoke, and her breath coming in spasmodic gulps, she is enough to turn any man against a woman smoking.

HARDY AMIES
FASHION DESIGNER

Never!

Left:

"Never again will I have a beige carpet throughout the house. It is so dull and unenterprising." He recommends pretty patterned carpets as being far closer to life with.

YOLANDE DONLAN
ACTRESS

Left:

"Never again will I have a red flock wallpaper in the drawing-room. It felt like a night club, and after three months I couldn't stand it. We have now got plain lavender paint."

Right:

"Never again something that is said to be triple purpose. The stool that was also a table and magazine rack was a rotten idea anyway—never, anything else!"

MICHAEL FLANDERS
ACTOR

Whether it's
"Valentine's Day" or
"Kung Hei Fat Choy"
it's "happy comfortime"

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BRIEFS

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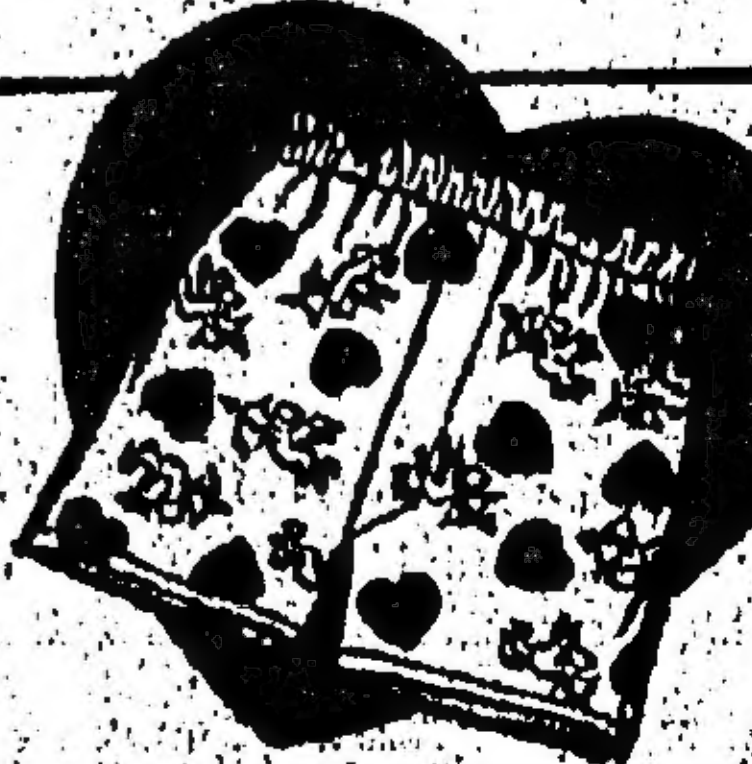
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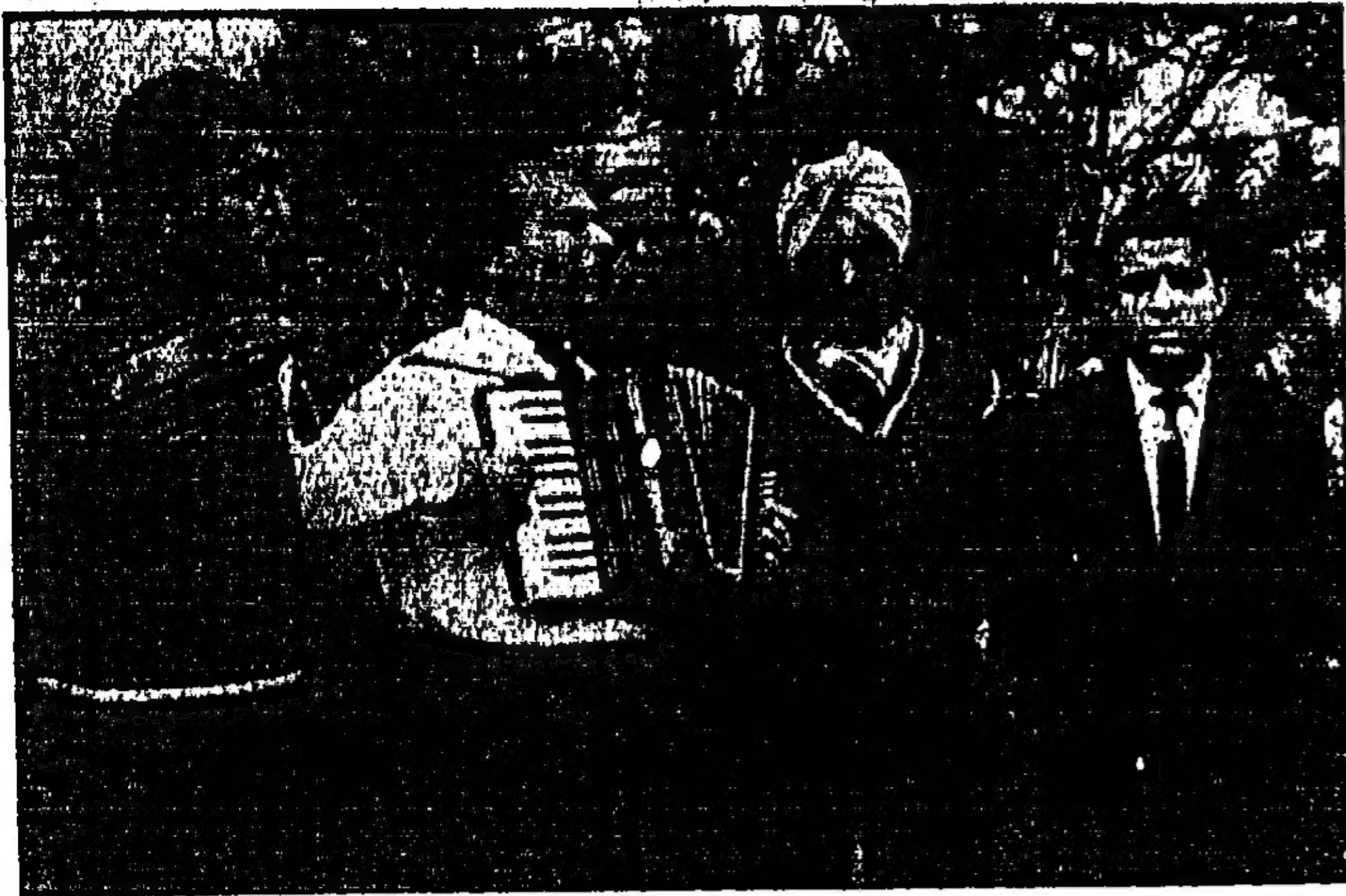
VALENTINE'S DAY, FEBRUARY 14th



JOCKEY BOXERS

For the Valentine who prefers boxers—this clever heart and cupid design. It's Jockey brand so you're sure it's long on comfort. Also available in other interesting Valentine patterns. Sizes 28-44.





Indian independence celebrations began early with songs (left) and a flag raising ceremony at the residence of the Indian Commissioner in Jordine's Lookout.

ABOVE: Lady Bastyan with Indian ladies at the charity ball of the Indian Welfare Society.



Mrs. R. Kapahi holding out her hand to Mrs. R. K. Nehru (left) who is standing beside Dr. I. B. Adarkar at a meeting of the newly formed Indian Women's Club.



Baron Povel Ramel (above left), Sweden's leading song writer; Miss Elen Torsoff, prize winning air hostess; and Martin Ljung, Sweden's top comedian take a look at Hongkong. LEFT: Mr. B. P. Adarkar with the Governor and Miss Barbara Black at an official reception.



HONGKONG HEPBURN

It took a visit by Mr. J. S. Hayes, District Officer, and Mr. W. V. Dickinson, Director of Marketing, to open a new school on the island of Kau Sai to discover a very pretty headmistress Miss Yau Choy-lin.

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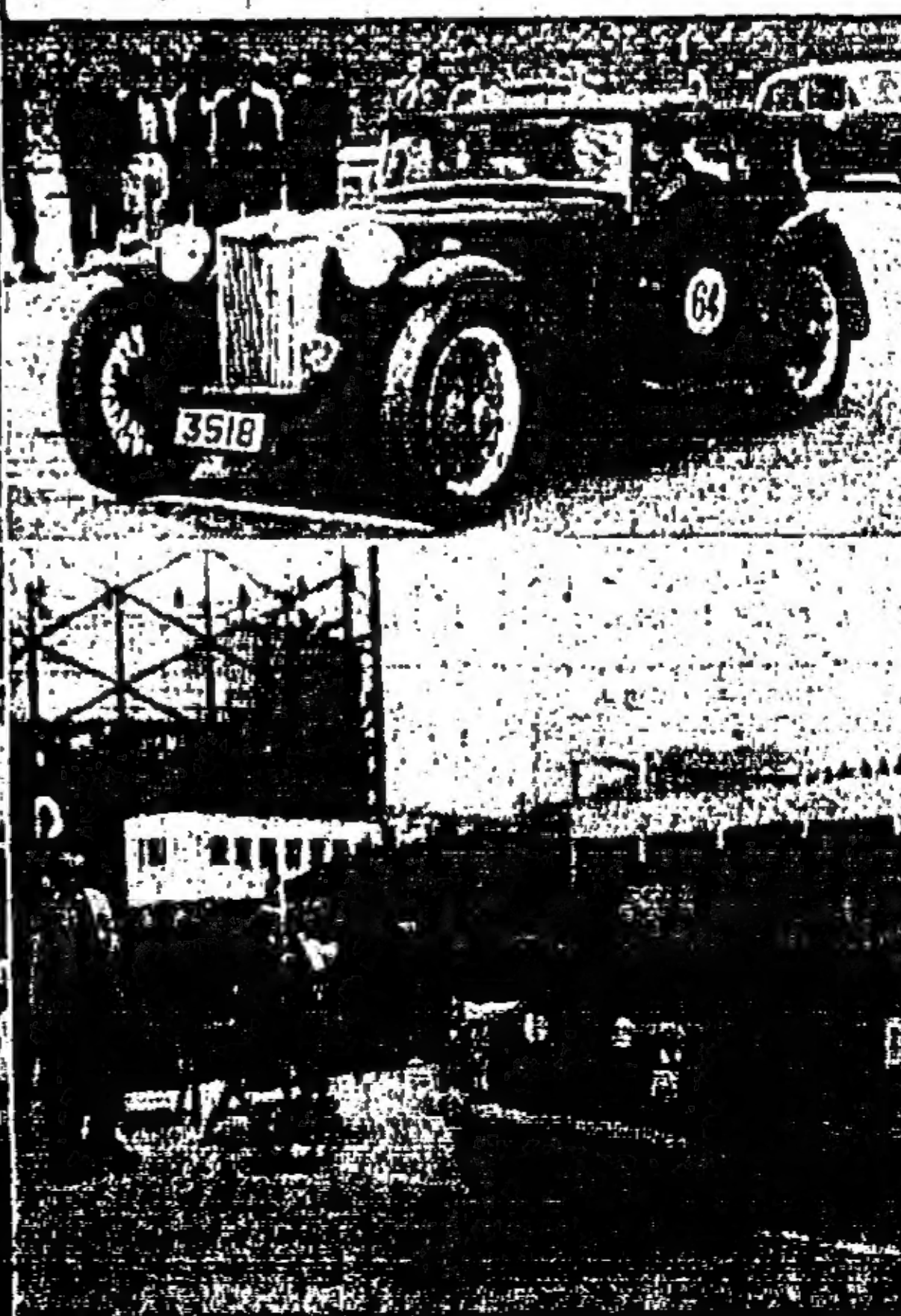
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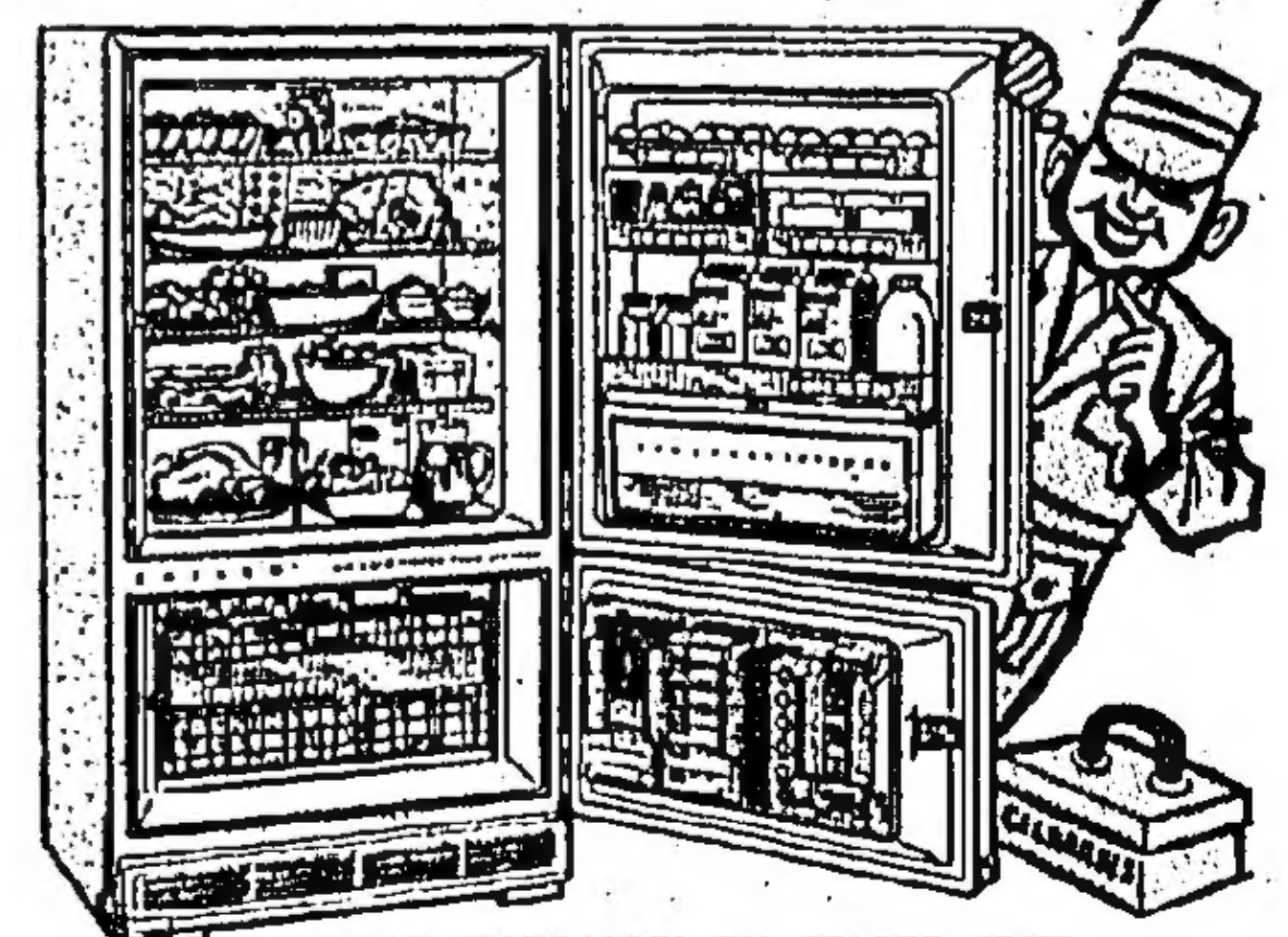


Miss Elisabeth Hulsmans and Mr. Kam Chung-yun greeting Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Scott at a reception for Miss Hulsmans in the Peninsula. BELOW: Entries for the all-night motor rally of the Hongkong Royal Automobile Association and the HK Motor Sports Club reflect different ideas about the business and the sport of motoring.



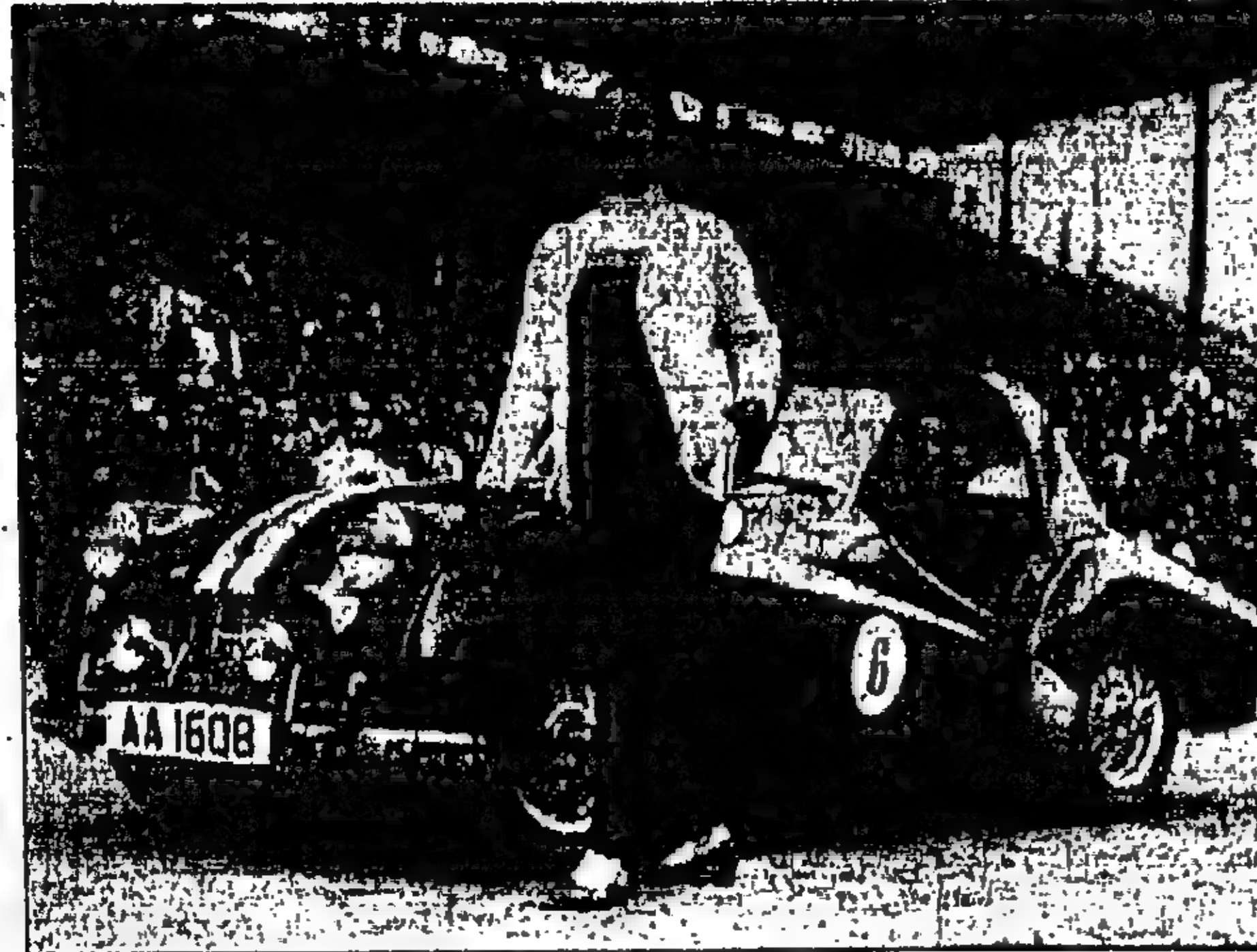
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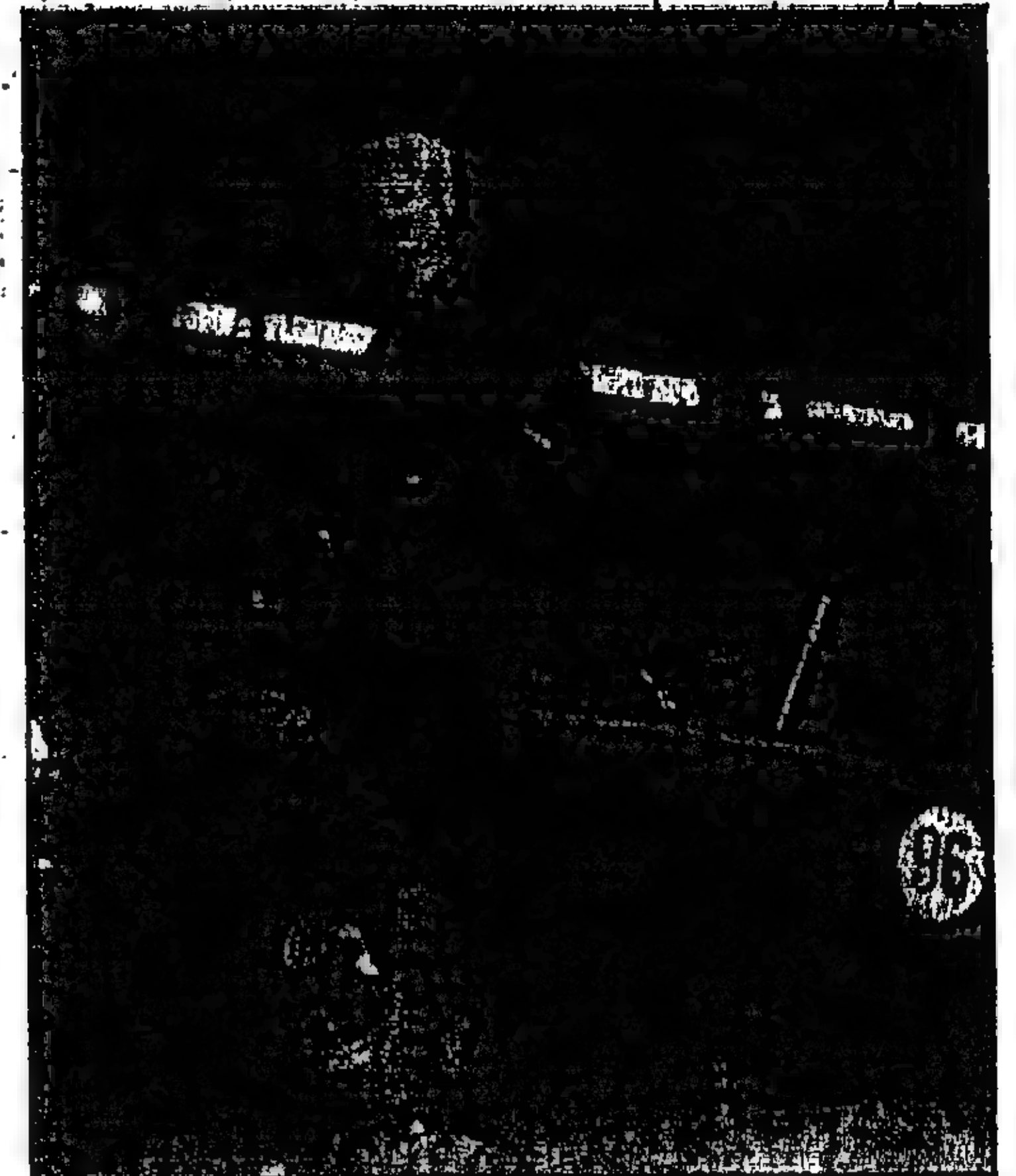
GILMANS
GLOUCESTER ARCADE



CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE

Jill Lovett—TR3 combination (left) walk away with the prize for cars under 2,000 cc presented by the Stan-Vac Oil Co.

Lindy Parks and a Studebaker Champion (far left) combine to win the Grand Prix d'Honneur Concours... the Wah Kiu Yat Po trophy.



Mrs Jo Murray in a black velvet sheath and Ron Hardwick's AC Bristol.



Mr Percy Chen (clapping) and Mr K. P. Chan (right) at the opening of the Chinese Reform Club Clinic in Queen's Road East.



Even the end of a bus can be beautiful—when it's the end the milk comes from. Social worker Dorothy Lap is seen at the dedication of the Lutheran Federation's new mobile canteen.



Julia Yan and Jeffrey Hoy at St Mary's.

RIGHT: Committee meeting for the Women's Day of Prayer. From left, Mrs J. Anderson, Mrs E. E. Walline, and Mrs G. E. Hopo with Mrs F. S. Temple at the Dean's House.



Nicholas Gordon Betty at St John's Cathedral with mother, father, and big sister—Elizabeth. LEFT: Dr Liu Chi-ming and Victoria Yuet Ling-kam at the Rhenish Mission Church. BELOW: Veronica Thompson and Lt John Oswald at St Joseph's.



Mrs S. G. Davis presenting a Government scholarship to Miss Chan Yui-liu at King's College speech day in the school hall.

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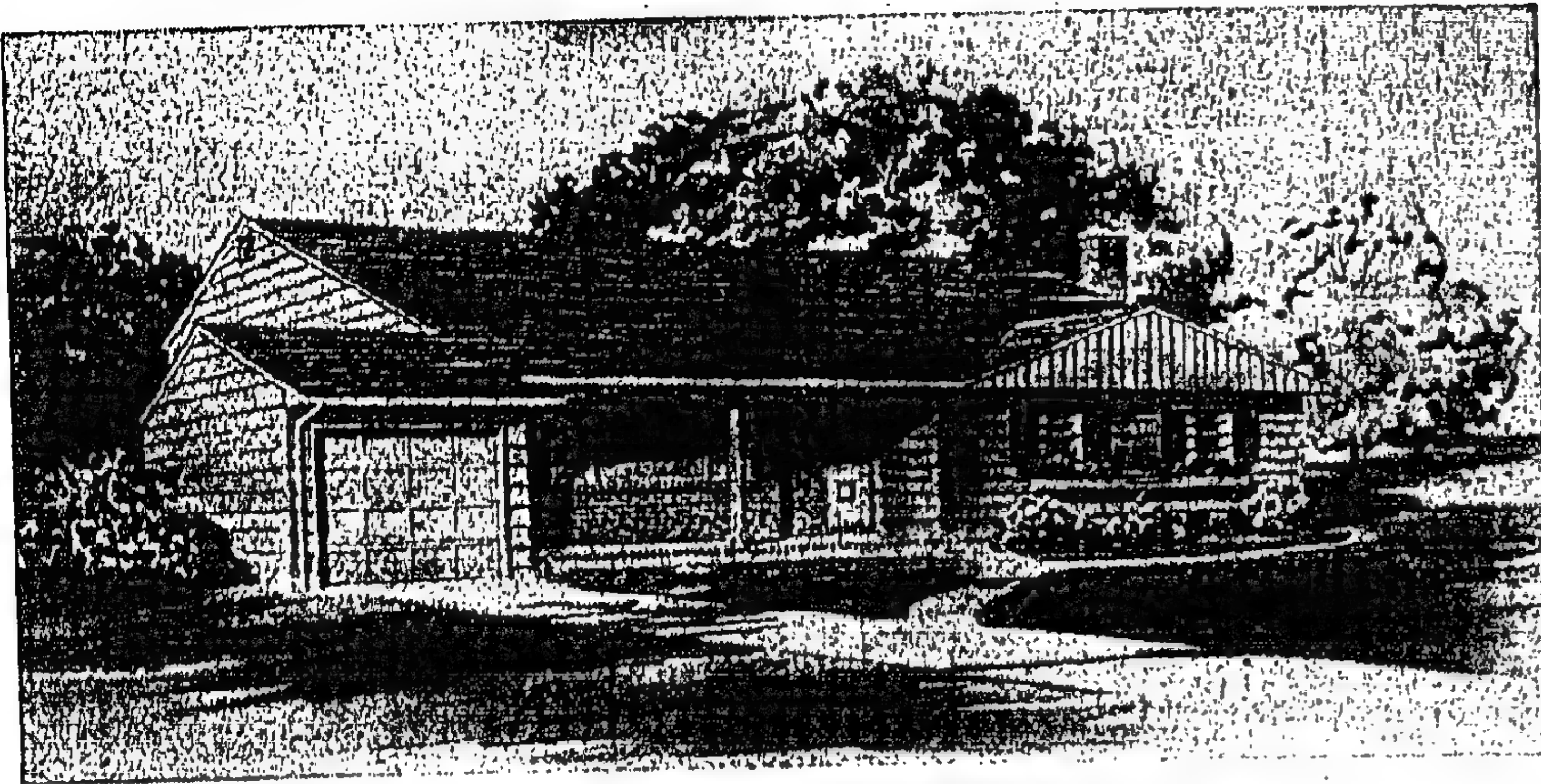
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By JOAN O'SULLIVAN



THE Highland's a split-level home with special features. They're found on the lowest level of the house, where the architect has put space to work in a way home-makers will like.

Recreation Room

This basement floor, under the bedroom level, boasts a recreation room, more than 26 feet long, that's bound to be the scene of family entertaining or, if the children are small, would make a wonderful playroom. Close by, there's a bathroom. The floor also has a nice-sized laundry room. Up a short flight of stairs and you're in the dining

room on the main floor. It's a small area but, since it opens on the living room, it seems larger than it is. Walls don't hem it in.

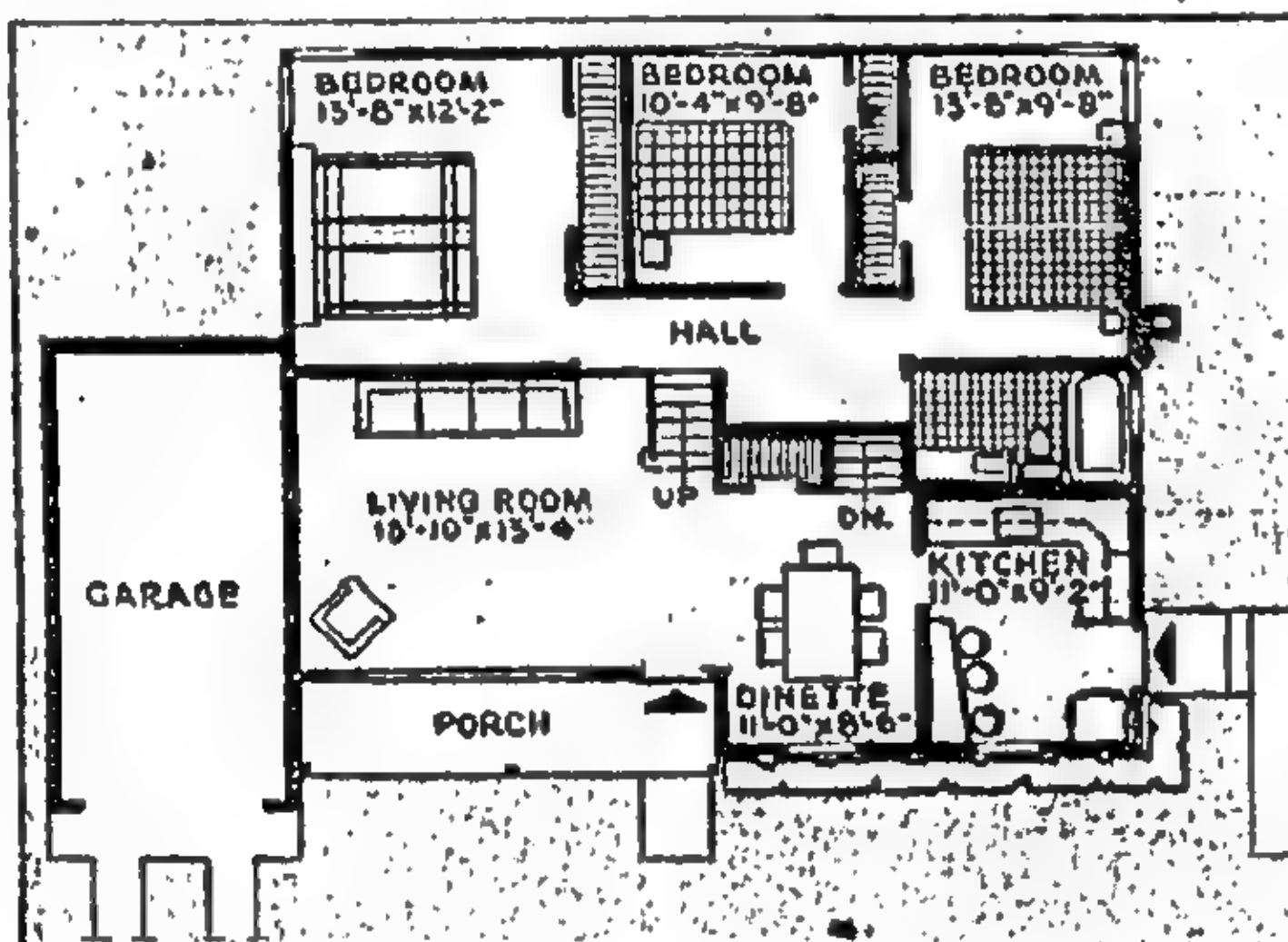
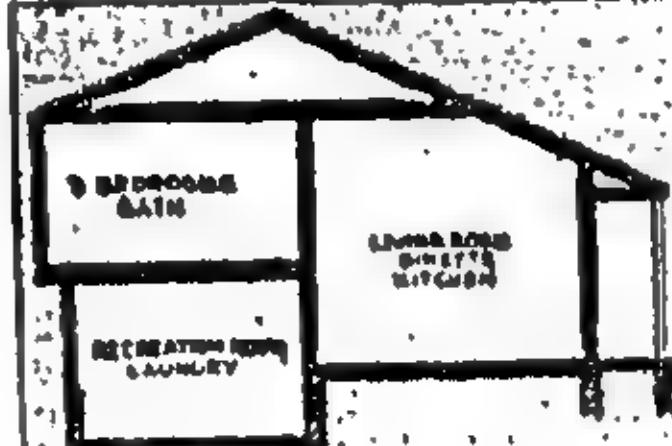
The living room's lovely, has a vaulting ceiling that's quite dramatic and a pretty picture window looking out on the front yard.

The kitchen's at far right of the main floor, adjacent to the dining room. It's a cheerful work centre, with a window at the front and a service door at the side.

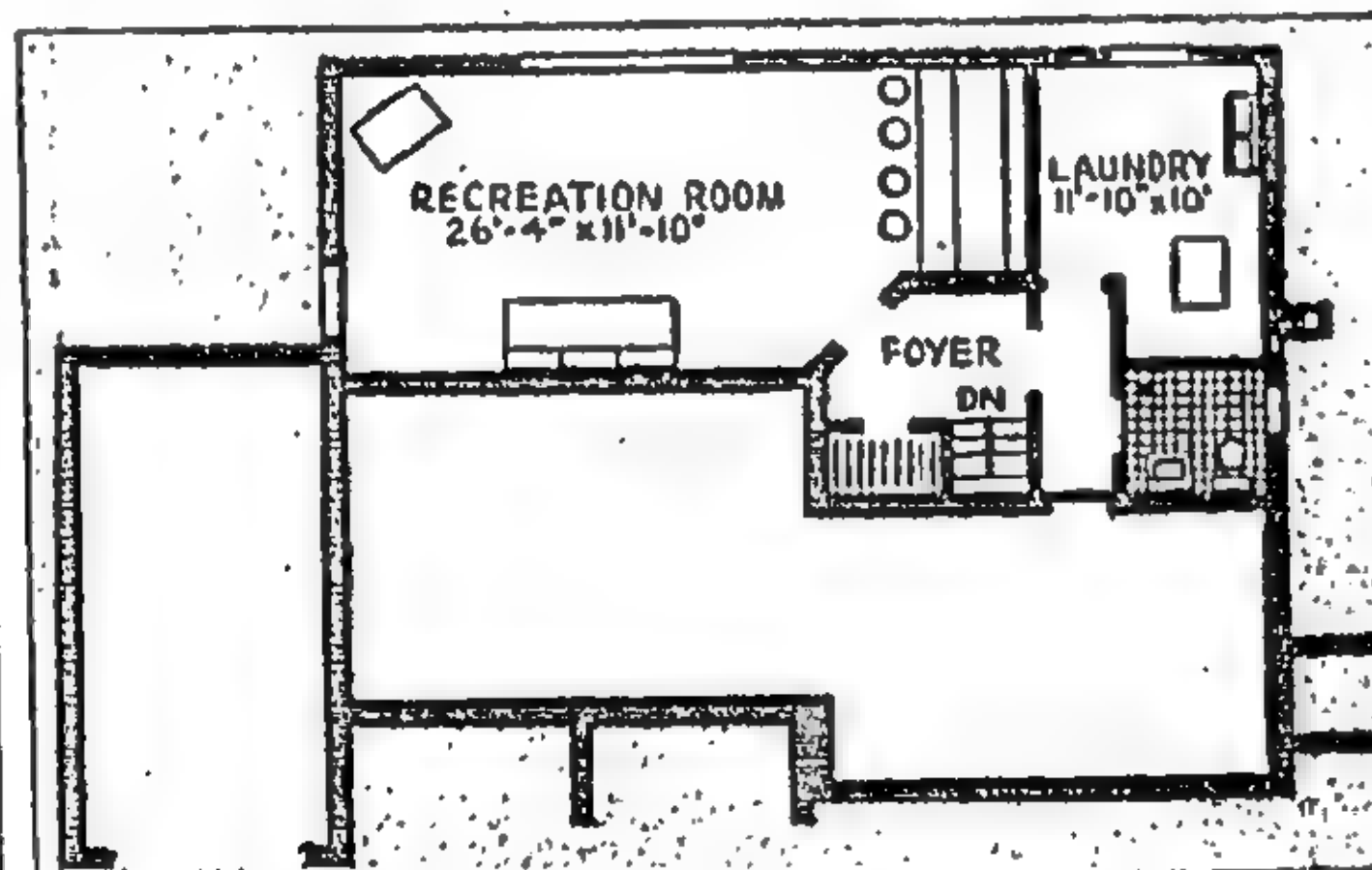
Up a few short steps from the living room is the bedroom floor. Rooms open off a balcony hall visible from the lower level. Closet space in the largest bedroom is quite generous —

an entire wall-long wardrobe. Both corner rooms are cross-ventilated.

The Highland comprises **THE MAIN LEVEL** is at front, while, at back, the bedroom level is placed over recreation room, 19,610 cubic feet.



LIVING ROOM, dinette and kitchen share space on the main floor. On the top level, there are three comfortable bedrooms and a bath.



A LARGE RECREATION room occupies most of the lowest level. Adjacent to it is a laundry room and, close by, a small bathroom.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A hanger is not a good place for a sweater. It tends to stretch the sweater out of shape, as the shoulders are apt to slide off the ends.

Instead, fold sweaters carefully and keep them in a drawer, preferably in plastic bags.

Many of the heavier wool jerseys are now guaranteed not to sag. This is a quality worth watching for in a coat or suit. Jersey, of course, is an excellent traveller, since it does not wrinkle when packed.

If your stockings seams are forever twisting out of line in the same direction, check your girdle or garter belt. It may be that the back garters are set either too close together or too far apart for your figure.

If you have good linen tablecloths or laces that need bleaching, take advantage of a sunny day and use an old-fashioned tried-and-true method.

Wash them gently in thick soda, then dry them in the sun without rinsing. Tablecloths can be hung up, but delicate laces will be better off if they are stretched out on wax paper to dry. When the sun has dried them, wash them again in fresh soda and suds, dry and iron as usual.

KNIT FOR THE BOY

MATERIALS:

(8) 10 ozs. of Sirdar Double Knitting wool. 1 pair of each No. 7 and 9 needles. 3 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS:

To fit age (9) 14 months.

TENSION:

11 sts. to 2 inches on No. 7 needles.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch; st.st, stocking stitch; inc, increase; dec, decrease; beg, beginning; tog, together; sl, slip; rep, repeat; cont, continue; patt, pattern. Figures in brackets refer to the small size, and to the number of times to be worked, as stated.

COAT

MAIN PART

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 2 sts. Insert the needle between the last 2 sts. and k.1, place loop on to left hand needle, rep. from * until there are (180) 201 sts.

1st row: * k.1, p.1, rep. from * to last st. k.1.

Rep. the 1st row 7 times. Then work in pattern as follows:

1st row: (k.1, p.1) 3 times, k. to last 6 sts. (p.1, k.1) 3 times.

2nd and alternate rows: (k.1, p.1) 3 times, k.1, p. to last 7 sts. (k.1, p.1) 3 times, k.1.

3rd row: (k.1, p.1) 3 times, k.4 * p.1, k.3, rep. from * to last 7 sts. (k.1, p.1) 3 times, k.1.

4th row: As 1st row of pattern.

7th row: (k.1, p.1) 3 times, k.2 * p.1, k.3, rep. from * to last 9 sts. p.1, k.2 (p.1, k.1) 3 times.

8th row: As the 2nd row of pattern.

These 8 rows form the pattern, cont. thus until work measures (8) 8½ ins., ending with a 2nd patt. row.

Shape Waist

Next row: (k.1, p.1) 3 times, k.2 * p.1, k.3, rep. from * to last 8 sts. k.2, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, (131) 130 sts.

Next row: * K.1, p.1, rep. from * to last st. k.1.

Next row: (For Girl) K.1, p.1, cast off 2 sts., work in moss st. to end of row.

Next row: (For Boy) Work in moss st. to last 4 sts., cast off 2 sts. (1 st. on the needle) k.1.

Next row: Work in moss st. casting on 2 sts. to replace the cast off sts. of buttonholes.

Cont. to work in moss st. Work (8) 10 rows, then divide for the back and two fronts.

Next row: Work in moss st. (31) 33 sts., cast off (8) 8 sts. moss until there are (53) 57 sts. on the right hand needle after casting off, then cast off (8) 8 sts. moss to end of row.

Working on the last set of (31) 33 sts. for the left front, work (18) 22 rows in moss st. dec. 1 st. at the armhole edge of the next (4) 4 rows and making 2 more buttonholes for the boy only (10) 12 rows above the previous one.

Shape Neck

Next row: Cast off (6) 6 sts., work in moss st. to end of row.



Cont. in moss st. dec. 1 st. at the neck edge every row until (15) 16 sts. remain. Work (4) 3 rows without shaping ending at the armhole edge.

Shape shoulder

Cast off (7) 8 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then cast off (3) 3 sts. at the beg. of the next alternate row.

Then with the wrong side of work facing you, join wool to the (31) 33 sts. for the right front and work to correspond with the left front, reading girl for boy and vice versa. Then with the wrong side of work facing you, join wool to the (53) 57 sts. of back, and work (29) 33 rows in moss st. dec. 1 st. at both ends of the first 4 rows.

Sleeves

Using No. 7 needles, cast on (37) 41 sts. in the same way as given for the main part. Work 8 rows in moss st. then work in patt. as follows:

1st and 5th rows: K.

2nd, 4th, 6th and 8th rows: P.

3rd row: * K.3, p.1, rep. from * to last st. k.1.

4th row: K.1, * p.1, k.3, rep. from * to end of row.

In continuity of patt. inc. 1 st. at both ends of the next row and every following 6th row until there are (45) 49 sts.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures (7) 7½ inches from beg.

Shape Top

Cast off (4) 4 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until (15) 17 sts. remain. Cast off. Make another sleeve in the same way.

COLLAR

Using No. 7 needles cast on (53) 57 sts., work (16) 18 rows in Moss st. Cast off in Moss st.

BERET

Using No. 9 needles, cast on (82) 82 sts. in the same way as given for the coat. Work 10 rows in k.1, p.1, rib, dec. 1 st. at the beg. of the last row. Change to No. 7 needles, work in st.st. for 2 rows.

3rd row: * K.9, k. twice into the next st., rep. from * to last st. k.1 (89) 100 sts.

4th, 6th and 8th rows: K.1, then p. to last st. k.1.

5th row: * K.10, k. twice into the next st., rep. from * to last st. k.1 (97) 109 sts.

7th row: * K.11, k. twice into the next st., rep. from * to last st. k.1 (105) 118 sts.

8th row: * K.12, k. twice into the next st., rep. from * to last st. k.1 (113) 127 sts.

Work 7 rows in Moss st. Then shape top as follows:—

1st row: * K.12, k.2 tog. rep. from * to last st. k.1.

2nd and alternate rows: K.1, then 7, to last st. k.1.

3rd row: * K.11, k.2 tog. rep. from * to last st. k.1.

Cont. to dec. every alternate row, working 1 st. less between the decs., until (17) 19 sts. remain, ending with a 2nd patt. row.

Next row: * K.2 tog. rep. from * to last st. k.1. Break off wool leaving an end to thread through remaining (9) 10 sts. Draw up lightly and fasten off securely.

MAKING UP

Press all pieces under a damp cloth with a hot iron on the wrong side, avoiding the ribbing and Moss st. Join the shoulder seams. Set in the sleeves. Join the sleeve seams. Flatten collar to the wrong side of work, sew he cast off edge of collar to neck edge to within 4 sts from front edges. Sew on buttons to correspond with the buttonholes. Press the seams. Sew up the seam of back on the wrong side. Press the seam. Make a pom pom for top of beret—cut two circles of cardboard 3 inches in diameter, make a hole in centre of each the size of a farthing. Wind wool through the hole and over the outside edges until the centre hole is completely filled. Cut the outside edges of wool, and before removing the cardboard, open slightly and tie a piece of wool tightly round centre of the pom pom. Tear off the cardboard, thread one end of the wool which was used to tie the centre and take up through the pom pom and fasten to top of beret. Trim the pom pom to a nice rounded shape.

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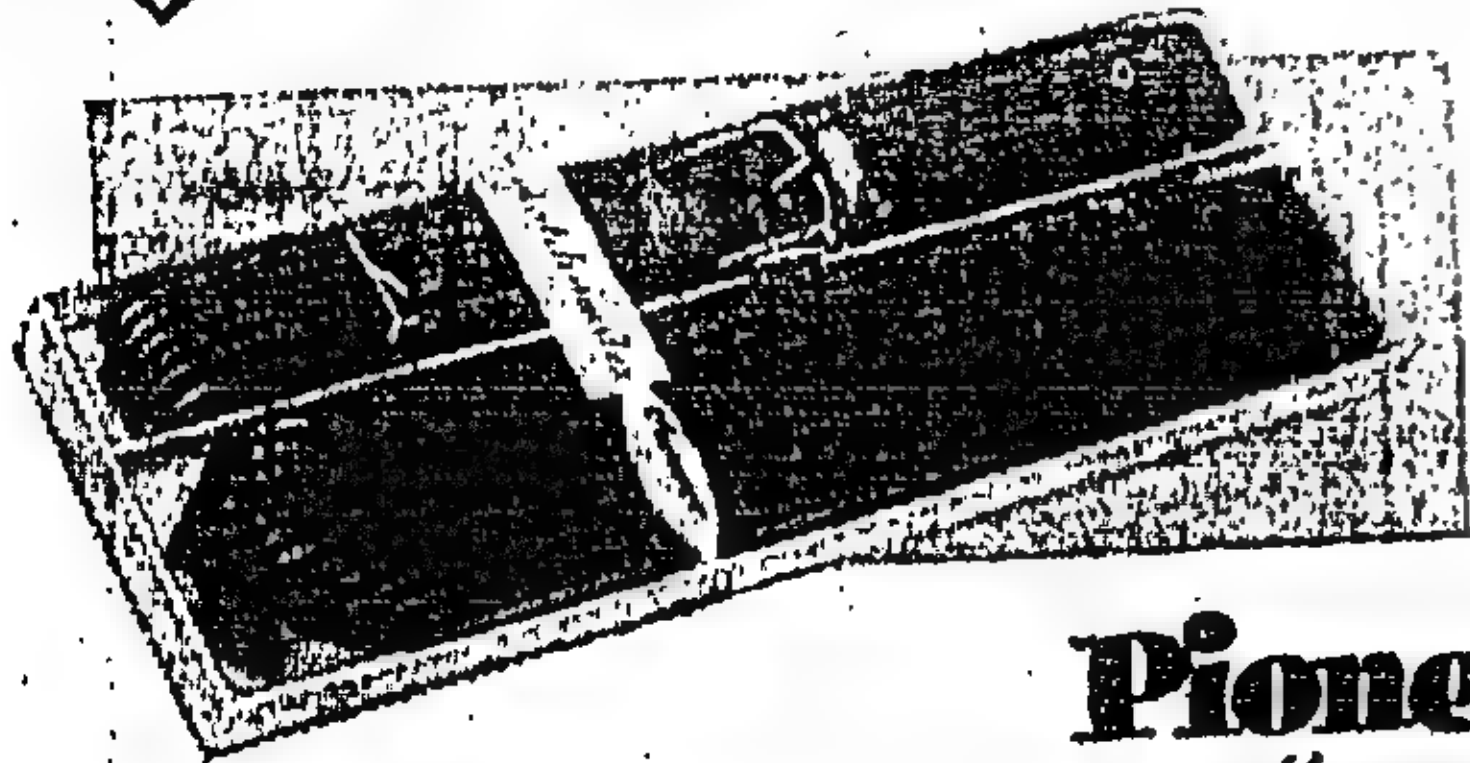
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For your favorite Valentine

(Valentine's Day — Feb. 14)



Pioneer
The mark of a man.

Match-makers: Pioneer co-ordinated ribbed elastic belt and silk tie in colorful slim stripes are made for each other, and for the man who appreciates good taste.

THINK OF A COLOUR THEN MUTE IT

If you want your new sitting-room furnishing to be in the forefront of fashion in 1958 think of your new colour scheme — and then MUTE it. The time of riotous scarlet armchairs and dynamic purple carpets is on the wane. At least, that is what I was told by the top British designers at the Earls Court Furniture Exhibition. And that is certainly the trend in the Scandinavian showpiece rooms from which so much contemporary English furniture takes its cue.

BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE

"In Finland the nature itself is very subtle," said charming designer Ake Tydner (pronounced Chodder, he explained), describing what inspired Professor Alvar Aalto's beautifully simple finished interiors. The designs from Denmark, the country that influences our designers most, are again exquisitely peaceful, with their

use of natural woods, natural leather and ebouled surfaces. Ernest Race confirmed this view when he showed me the upholstery fabric for his new armchair and huge matching footstool (£29 14s. and £8 7s. 6d.). "Colours are going to be kinder," he said. His new chair is "more upright than some and of a generous width. People sit bolt upright when trying chairs in shops" (he demonstrated) "but at home they lounge sideways like this." I must say he looked extremely comfortable.

NO COLOUR INHIBITIONS

Next door, in the Wrighton kitchen, bearded designer Nigel Walters, complete with emerald bow tie, had no inhibitions about his colour schemes. "There's a feature in my kitchen," he told me, opening the mahogany-lined drawers of his nice uncluttered kitchen units. "You can order drawers, white cupboards and a pale blue ladder if you have a family. It's all edged with beech to stop it looking too clinical." The silent looking convertible double bed I came across

was designed by Robin Day, for Hille of London—a trim cottee with a plain backrest turned into a 4ft. bed, complete with 6in. Dunlopillo mattress in a trice (£26). He also showed me a magnificent sideboard in rosewood with dark leather doors which I would trade my entire dining suite for.

SLIDING DOORS

An African walnut sideboard, with sliding cane doors, is brilliant 28-year-old Terence Conran's favourite piece on the Conran furniture stand (£250).

Their new bedroom range has a novel use of Venetian blinds known as Tambour shutters. I specially liked a white-topped dressing table with recessed brass-framed mirror and a deep shuttered compartment to take the tallest cosmetic bottle (£25 5s.).

Shirley Conran, green-eyed and drain-pipe tressed, had designed the lovely fabrics herself. They include the first hand-printed velvet to be produced for mass sales in tur-

quoise and olive at £2 2s. "Foreign ones are about £7 7s.," she said.

PEACOCK OR PURPLE

Space-saving furniture is well represented by the Cling-tique range. Sectional seating for seven for £120 includes a triangular three-seater, an adjoining two-seater, and a chair—all of which can have arms fitted if you want them.

If you like brightness the light Latex easy-chairs, in peacock or purple, on A. F. Buckingham's stand are attractive at £11 9s. 6d. to £14 10s.

"Two years ago the furniture exhibition was a joke," Shirley Conran had said me a minute earlier. "Everything highly polished and lots of cocktail cabinets with inlaid mirrors inside. But this year it's going to be terribly exciting."

I agreed with her.

(London Express Service).

by
ROMANY BAIN

MY HOE HAS YET TO UNEARTH A FAIRY BUT...

There are parsnips at the bottom of my garden...

AS I walked out of my front door a bird sang in the pear tree and I saw the soft, green shoot of an early crocus struggling bravely out of the ground.

"Blast!" I said. "The confounded garden has started to grow again."

Under the ground I could visualise a tangle of roots and tiny seeds nestling ready to spring into bloom — nettles, bindweed, dock, and a million other weeds, I almost wept.

The green blades of grass waved in the morning breeze. They were saying to each other in a soft whisper: "In a month's time we'll jam his mower and break his neck!" I kicked the gate post on the way out.

FASCINATING

BUT I love my garden. It has given me great pleasure. The most fascinating vision I have ever seen in it was my neighbour's face the day he put his spade through a wasps' nest. Strictly speaking his face should not have been in my garden. It should have been in his own. But when the wasps rose in a cloud to eat him he burst through the hedge and did not stop until he ran slap into a wheelbarrow.

We gathered round him with various cures. My wife gave him half an onion to rub on his forehead.

"Things with acid in them are what we need," I said learnedly. "I am told that acid is the antidote to wasp poison." When the boy from across the road came running up with a bottle of sulphuric acid from his chemistry set the victim broke away from us and covered behind a rose bush. "Leave me alone," he pleaded, "while I still have a face left."

BLAZING...

WE then decided to burn out the wasps' nest, which was in a corner of the compost heap. But we could not get near enough because the wasps were still in conference all around it.

We managed, though. First we hung a pail of petrol from the end of a garden hose and tilted it into the nest. Next we dropped a blazing rag on to it with another hose. Next we dropped the hose and ran like the devil because they had caught fire and so had a stretch of wooden fence and a line of washing.

I once decided to dig myself a swimming pool in my garden, working on the principle that water, at least, did not need wedding.



"From now on, everybody in this house eats parsnips."

by WILFRED FIENBURGH
M.P.

Throughout the hours of winter daylight I slaved away scientifically. I drew diagrams and plans around the edges of newspapers. I studied a garden book to find the best kind of shovel to buy. Several times I read through a short article on how to mix waterproof cement.

And I stood for hours looking out of the sitting-room window working out the best position for the high-diving board.

After four months I did not seem to be making much progress, so I packed in the whole lot and bought a bird bath. I had better luck with the fruit and vegetable garden. I bought many packets of seed — parsnips, turnips, kohlrabi, lettuce, beetroot, passion fruit (just an experiment) and carrot. The trouble was I could not bear to waste any of the seed. By the time I had planted 52 rows of parsnips I had no room for the turnip, kohlrabi, lettuce, beetroot, passion fruit and carrot.

Soon we had a quarter of an acre of parsnips. One day I dug one out and, to surprise my wife, I cooked it myself, garnished it with a pound of butter, and put it on the table in a silver dish.

"What," asked my wife, "is that?"

"That," I said modestly, "is our first parsnip. I grow We have many more where this came from. Two and a half tons roughly."

"But in this house," said my wife, "no one eats parsnips."

"I thought of my aching back, my hours of labour, and my packets of seeds."

"From now on," I shouted, "EVERYBODY IN THIS HOUSE EATS PARSNIP—AND ENJOYS IT!" The passion for gardening is deeply rooted in me. When I lived in Sloane Square, Chelsea, I shared the house with a viscount whom I shall call Viscount Blank because he might not like to see his real name in the papers.

One day we decided to have some window boxes. We built them easily enough and then we tried to get earth for them. It was not easy. Earth is seldom offered for sale in the shops of Chelsea.

So one night we put on sweaters and slacks, slung the coal shovel in the car and drove to Clapham Common. In no time at all we had dug ourselves a car-bent full of what we gardeners call a soft friable loam and other people call dirt.

Coming back over the Albert Bridge at 1.30 in the morning we were stopped by a policeman.

"What is that?" he asked, pointing to the shovel.

"A shovel," said the viscount. The policeman nodded as though his suspicions had been confirmed.

"And what," he asked, "have you got in the boot?"

"Earth," said the viscount. The policeman blinked twice and reached for his notebook.

"Don't try to be funny. What is your name and address?"

"My name," said the viscount, "is Jocelyn, third Viscount Blank of Blankton in the County of Blankshire, and I always find the House of Lords to be a convenient address."

THE RESULTS

JUST one more crack like that," said the policeman impatiently, "and you'll be Viscount Blankton and you'll find Wormwood Scrubs a more convenient address."

I have now expanded beyond the window-box. My present garden is equal to 3,000 window-boxes, one soccer pitch and a site of public park. For the next eight months I shall lavish care upon it, spraying, tilling, pruning and weeding, inspired by a passionate devotion to all of nature's tender little plants.

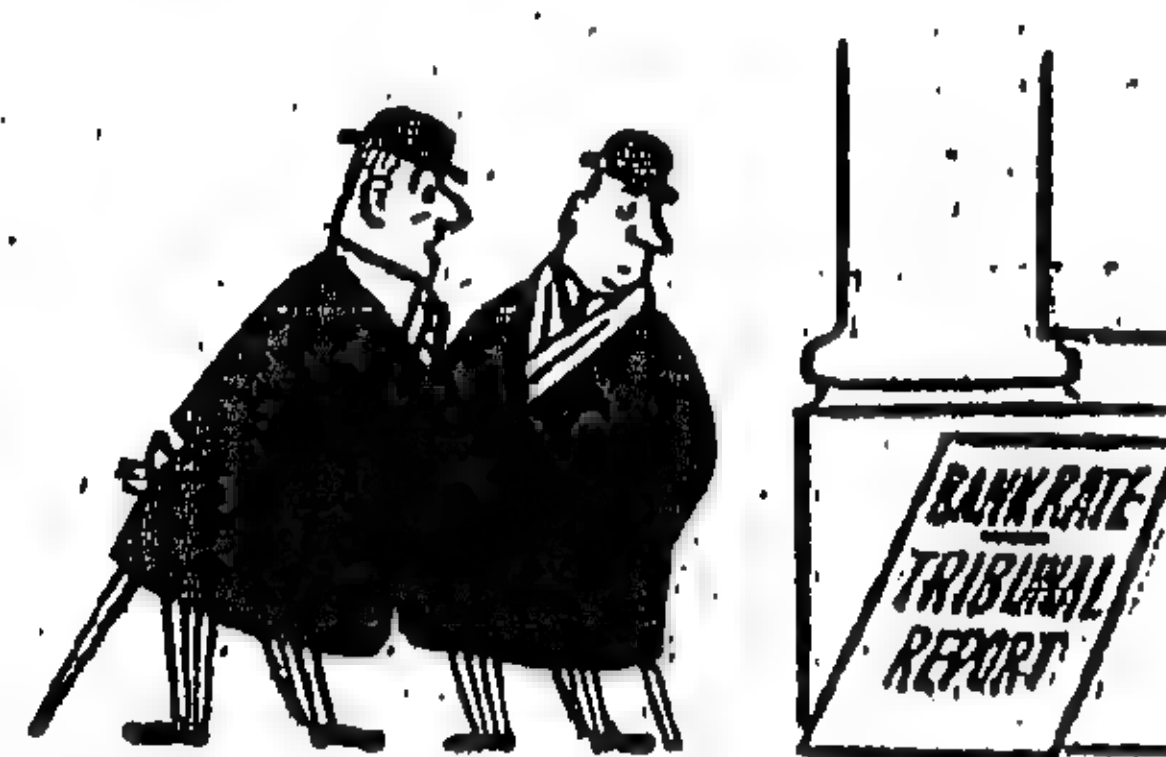
And then I shall stand back and survey the results...

BLISTERS, BACKACHE AND BROKEN FINGER NAILS.



"Courage, gentlemen! Another little local difficulty the Prime Minister left behind!"

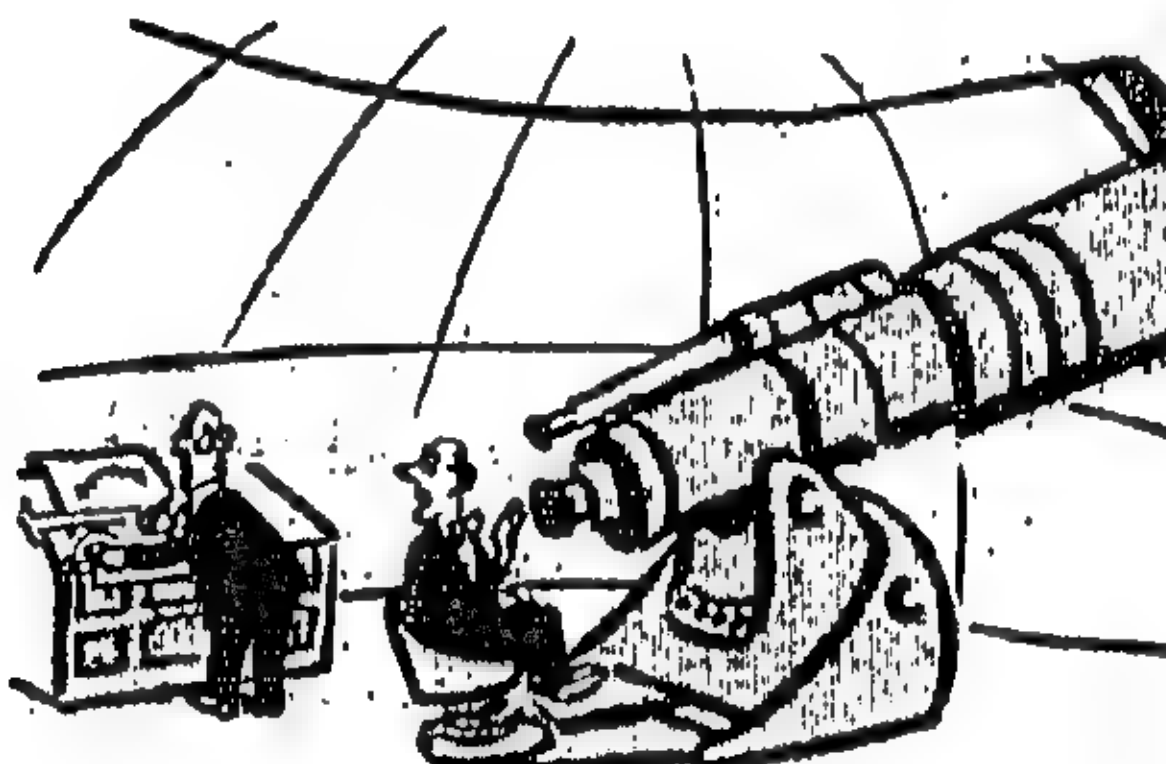
London Express Service



"Of course I'm glad everyone has been exonerated and all that—but I think they might have added an Honours List."



"As I see it, we need a grand strategy to combine action against Inflation, Deflation and Dulles."



"Astronomical Disturbance! It's either the Russian Satellite coming down or the American Budget going up!"



"You can't stay away just because you have a shocking cold... but you could go and mingle with the Opposition."



"The President has agreed to Heads of State talks provided the spade work is done by their assistants."



"All right, if being a TV star isn't enough, how about having Annigon paint his portrait?"

THE DAYS WHEN SHANGHAI DIED

The tale of the end of an era

IN "Shanghai Episode" Mr Lucian Taire sets out to describe the years 1949 to 1955, which cover the taking of that city by the Communist Army up to the time Mr Lucian left.

Personally I read the book with immense interest. Unlike Mr Taire, I was fairly recent in Shanghai when the city changed hands, and also I lacked the point of view that so many Shanghai people had who were either born there, or had been residents for years.

The book is well written. There is no over-dramatisation of events. Things are described just as they occurred. Let us take that part which deals with the Communist occupation. Lucian Taire dismisses it in one line. There was almost no fighting. Excellent. Most people imagine a bloody battle raged for weeks and the ground was fought over. Not at all. It was surrendered by a demoralised force with scarcely a shot fired. In fact the night the Communist Army entered, Shanghai was lit up almost as brightly as is Hongkong. From there on, the first part of the book deals with the reduction of the city by Communist pressure. First

by dealing with a number of people, and telling their experiences before these new forces, Mr Taire tries to give the typical attitude towards the Communist Government.

Part II of the book deals with the death of the city.

be found in the relating of incidents known to Mr Taire, and their value is enhanced that the author relates them as he sees them without trying to interpret the whys and wherefores. Among the most interesting of the features discussed are the Courts of Justice and the influence of the Russian Advisers. There is a further section that deals with the treatment of religions and the religious, but Mr Taire goes into few details.

Part III of the work is the smallest, and is addressed to such incidents as the reception given to foreign delegations, and in particular the visit made by the British Labour Party. Only in the final two pages does Mr Taire permit himself the luxury of commenting upon the situation

final paragraph returns to business, and here Mr Taire speaks dogmatically. "No one can do profitable business with the Communists. The final sentence contains Mr Taire's warning, 'The world should realise what they are trying to cover up.'"

Let me try to estimate this book in relation to its value to the reading public. As a personal account of a person caught up in the avalanche of revolutionary forces, it is really excellent. It is excellent for the same reason to the student of Political Science in that the author makes no attempt to analyse the very forces which overwhelmed him and many others placed in a similar position. There is about the book an air of mystification which seems almost naive to any to whom the methods of the professional revolutionary forces of Communism are known.

But had the author tried to explain what was happening, without the necessary knowledge of the theories of the Communists, the book would have been considerably weakened. As it is, it is a splendid documentary which the casual reader can dip into with interest, and the more intense reader can relate in the light of political knowledge.

by John Luff

Mr Taire claims that this episode which occurred between the years 1951 and 1953 was due to two external causes, or was at least hastened by them. The near completion of the Communists' land-reform policy, and the Korean War, Mr Taire refrains from comment on the latter, saying he knew little of it, of the latter he knew indirectly insofar as the War Budget affected city economy.

The part that will appeal to the student of Communist methods will

from a personal point of view. In this he shows the contradiction of an Alien ideology upon the Chinese people, he describes a resilient, individualistic people.

Mr Taire points to the rising in Budapest, and does not consider it impossible that the youth of China might rise against the present Government. His

"SHANGHAI EPISODE" by Lucian Taire
published by Rainbow Press, Hongkong



"The question is, gentlemen, can we afford to carry on in these dreadful wastes without help?"

London Express Service

THE MAN WHO LEARNED ABOUT RECORDS IN
HIS FATHER'S EAST END SHOP IS NOW MAKING
MILLION-COPY SUCCESSES

Mr Levy shows there's room at the top for the little man

by RAMSDEN GREIG

Twenty-five years ago a sagging Decca record company got a new boss—a 30-year-old City stockbroker called Edward Roberts Lewis. Until then he had never heard of Bing Crosby. But Ted Lewis brought his new company up off its knees.

In 1956 it had a turnover of £13 million. Its trading profits were £1,780,000. Business booms, too, in the other recording companies.

And there is still room in the business for the small man.

CHOPIN SOLO

I called at an old and elegant block of flats just off Baker Street to discover how Morris Levy was making out. Morris Levy, the man who has those frantic skiffers Nancy Whiskey and Chas McDewitt under contract, was playing Chopin in the Georgian green drawing-room. A coloured maid was serving tea.

Levy said: "Before the boom my company was £20,000 in the red. Today the business is worth at least a quarter of a million pounds. When our profits for this year are worked out I will have great pleasure showing them to people who called me a fool to go into the record-making business. The profits should be quite startling."

Morris Levy opened his record factory just 12 years ago. He said: "I couldn't have picked a worse time to start making gramophone records. The war had just ended and there was no new equipment to be had anywhere. We literally built the place secondhand out of secondhand bits."

A comparatively new boy in the business of making records, 50-year-old Morris Levy has, however, spent his whole working life among gramophone records.

That started when he left school at 14 to work for his father who sold records from a small shop in the East End.

"Father was something of a record-maker, too," Morris Levy said. "As far back as 1903 he was putting music on cylinder records."

MIXED BAG

By 1931 young Levy had saved enough to open his own recording studios. He said: "The first man I ever recorded was Harry Roy. As I recall it, it was rather a risqué number. Decca made the actual records for us in those days—at tenpence a time. I decided that that was no way to make vast profits and was thinking about starting my own factory when the war broke out."

Morris Levy stopped recording risqué numbers and was contracted by the BBC to record many of its war-time radio programmes.

Not Harry Roy, but Sir Winston Churchill and Quentin Reynolds stood in front of Levy's microphones during the war.

"Now these were recordings to cherish," said Morris Levy.

From the plush sofa he picked up two of his latest Orleone releases—20th Century Mass (a recording of the controversial modern Mass performed last year at St George's, Canterbury) and The Intoxicating Miss Whiskey and said: "But then it takes all sorts of records to make a world."



MORRIS LEVY—only myself to blame.

THE BOOM in LONDON'S



What can a record company expect to make on a million sales? Said Morris Levy: "A clear profit of £5,000 wouldn't be far off the mark."

"A good boy is 'Russ,'" said Levy with feeling.

When the music for Salad Days was hooked around the big recording companies no one wanted to buy. The King and I, said, would sell as a long player, but not the music from an English musical.

BELIEF ESSENTIAL

Morris Levy, however, put another of his elegant silk shirts on that one. It sold 60,000 copies at 99s. 10½d. a time.

"When I believe in anything I'll gamble all I've got on it," Morris Levy said. "It's the only way to make a go of the recording business these days."

I recall that Edward Roberts Lewis once said something similar. "Never be afraid," Lewis said, "of committing yourself to do something you believe in. Once you are committed, you have got to get on with it."

Next Week

The formula for the song that moons a million records.

(London Express Service).

THE BOY WHO KNEW THE SEATING PLAN IN HEAVEN

THE LONG SUNDAY. By Peter Fletcher. Faber. 13s. 6d. 188 pages.

THE chapel was bigger than the town, in the boyish eyes of Peter Fletcher. The town lay somewhere on the east coast, with a population of about 50,000. At a guess, it was a drab place. But the chapel was the ante-room of Heaven, the citadel of the Elect, the Sanctuary of the Saved, who had strenuously and exultantly reached it through the tumult of conversion.

For young Peter Fletcher it was the pulsing heart of his emotional life and, thanks to John Wesley, the centre of the world.

by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON
EVENING STANDARD BOOK REVIEW

Doubt begins

Fletcher is now a Harley Street consultant in psychology, with all that this implies of knowledge or half-knowledge of odd quirks of the human mind. From this eminence, he looks back on his childhood in the days before the 1914-18 war, and with some regret but no excess of sympathy.

These chapters of autobiography describe one of the varieties of religious experience—the ending of a boy's loyalty to the faith he was reared in.

At one time, Peter could have told you without any hesitation the seating arrangements in Heaven. Bang in the front row were the Wesleyan Methodists. Congregationalists were in a quiet position: they did not worry enough about their souls. To more eccentric and childish groups like Primitive Methodists, Baptists and Salvationists, his attitude was one of tolerance. No doubt John Wesley would overlook their little peculiarities and count them among the blessed.

No excuse

The Church of England, catering for "nominal Christians"—did not come off so well. Roman Catholics were on the very fringe of outer darkness—were they Christian at all?

Worst of all was the plight of the Anglo-Catholics. The Roman Catholics might be excused on the grounds of ignorance but Anglo-Catholics ought to know better.

Secure in the Wesleyan fold, young Peter Fletcher lived with his parents in a warm-hearted, "difficult" credulous mother and his depressed, dyspeptic father, a dispensing chemist who "obliged" at the organ on Sun-

day when the regular performer could not officiate.

At regular intervals, the chapel seethed with drama. In an organised campaign of evangelism, it set out to "save" the town. "Spit in their eyes, Oh Lord, spit in their eyes and wash some regret but no excess of sympathy."

Another shock to faith came when his family's meagre capital was stolen by a fraudulent American lodger, a bogus professor of ophthalmology who had captivated his mother. An even more shattering experience was at hand.

One day in the early spring of 1914, the boy, watching the turmoil of a stormy sunset, was visited by a prophetic vision. The world was moving towards war. It was as if a voice had uttered the words in his ear.

A few months later, his prophecy came true. The Long Sunday was over. In the army he was embroiled in a world vastly more complex than anything the chapel and its values had prepared him for.

This honest account of his boyhood, easy to read, at times amusing, lacks the power of

evocation. It is a shade too cool, clinical and thin-blooded. Yet, this backward glance is faintly tinged with regret. The Long Sunday is something he escaped from. It is also something he has lost.

Historic struggle

THE MEDDLESOME PRIAR. By Michael de la Badoyere. Collins. 18s. 256 pages.

THE conflict re-told in this book is one of the great dramas of pre-Reformation Christendom—the struggle between the Florentine friar Savonarola and the Borgias Pope Alexander VI.

Savonarola had obtained an extraordinary power over the people of Florence by fiery sermons denouncing the vices of society and Church, and prophesying punishments to come. He made banquets of "vanities"—playing-cards, indecent books,

carnival masks, etc. At last he went too far—he denounced the crimes of Pope Alexander.

Lately the brushes of the whitewashers have been busy with the Borgias family. Lucrèce Borgia was, it seems, very nearly a saint. Cesare was a fine soldier, if a shade impulsive in his methods. As for Alexander, he was, in part the victim of scandal-mongers.

Vital moment

Between Savonarola and Alexander the balance, whether of morals or power, was unevenly held. Alexander waited until the monk's popularity began to wane and then had him burned at the stake.

Was it the end? Nineteen years later Martin Luther uttered his challenge to the corruptions of the Church, and the Reformation was under way. But in his dramatic and readable account de la Badoyere does not look so far ahead as that.

(London Express Service).

FICTION SHELF BY PHILIP DAKES

THE SEDUCTIVE MIRROR. By Leonard Mosley. Barker. 11s. 6d. Sad contemporary variation on the theme of you can't go home again. What happens to Christopher Lane, a flashy London theatre director, when he returns to his birthplace—a Lancashire sium—and discovers a son he did not know existed. Melodrama, boldly handled, with a fine narrative flair.

FIVE MEN AND A SWAN. By Naomi Mitchison. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. Thirteen stories drawn from a thousand years of Scottish life, with themes ranging from clan warfare to a richie man's slipper saved from debt by a TV quiz.

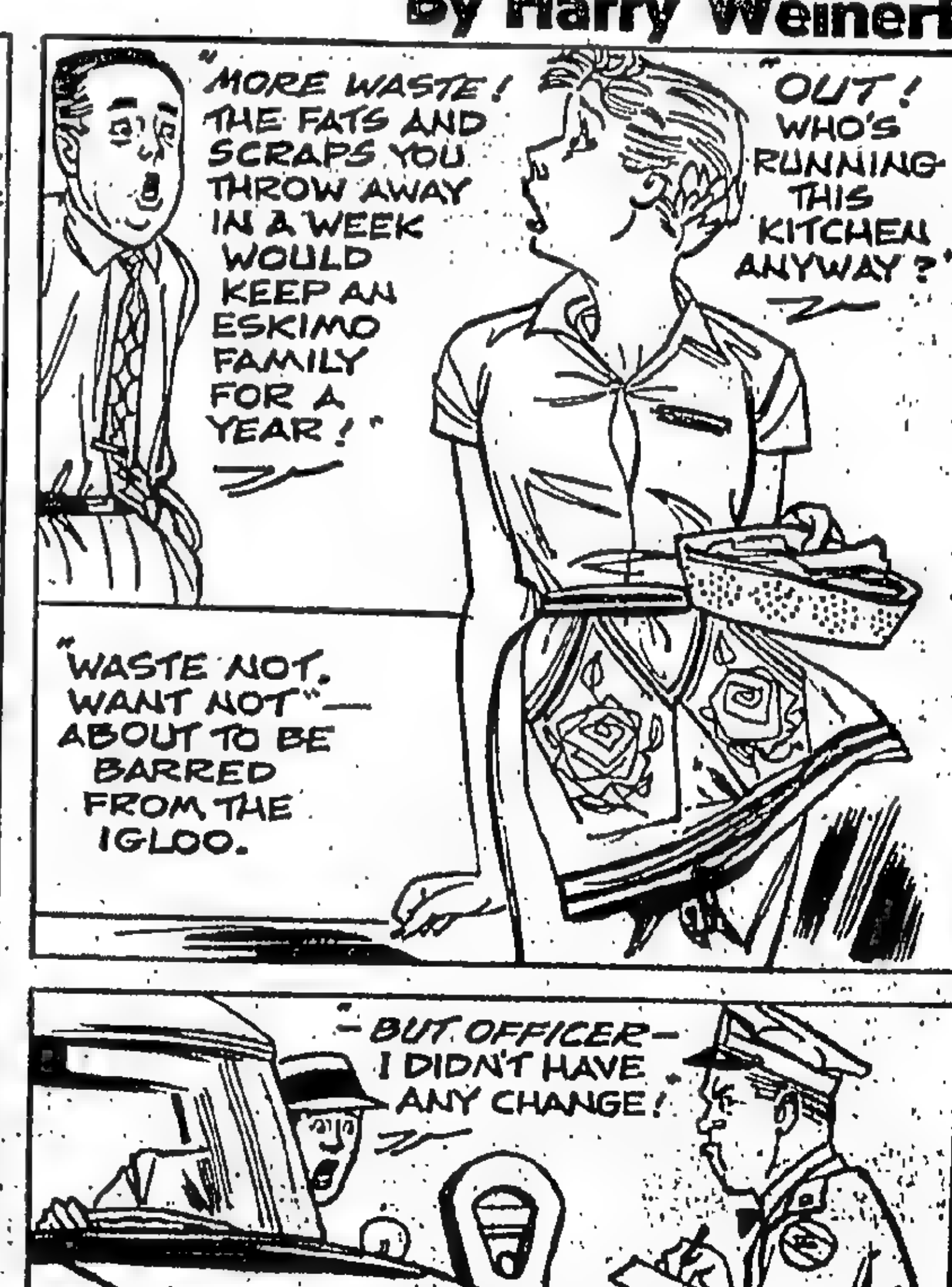
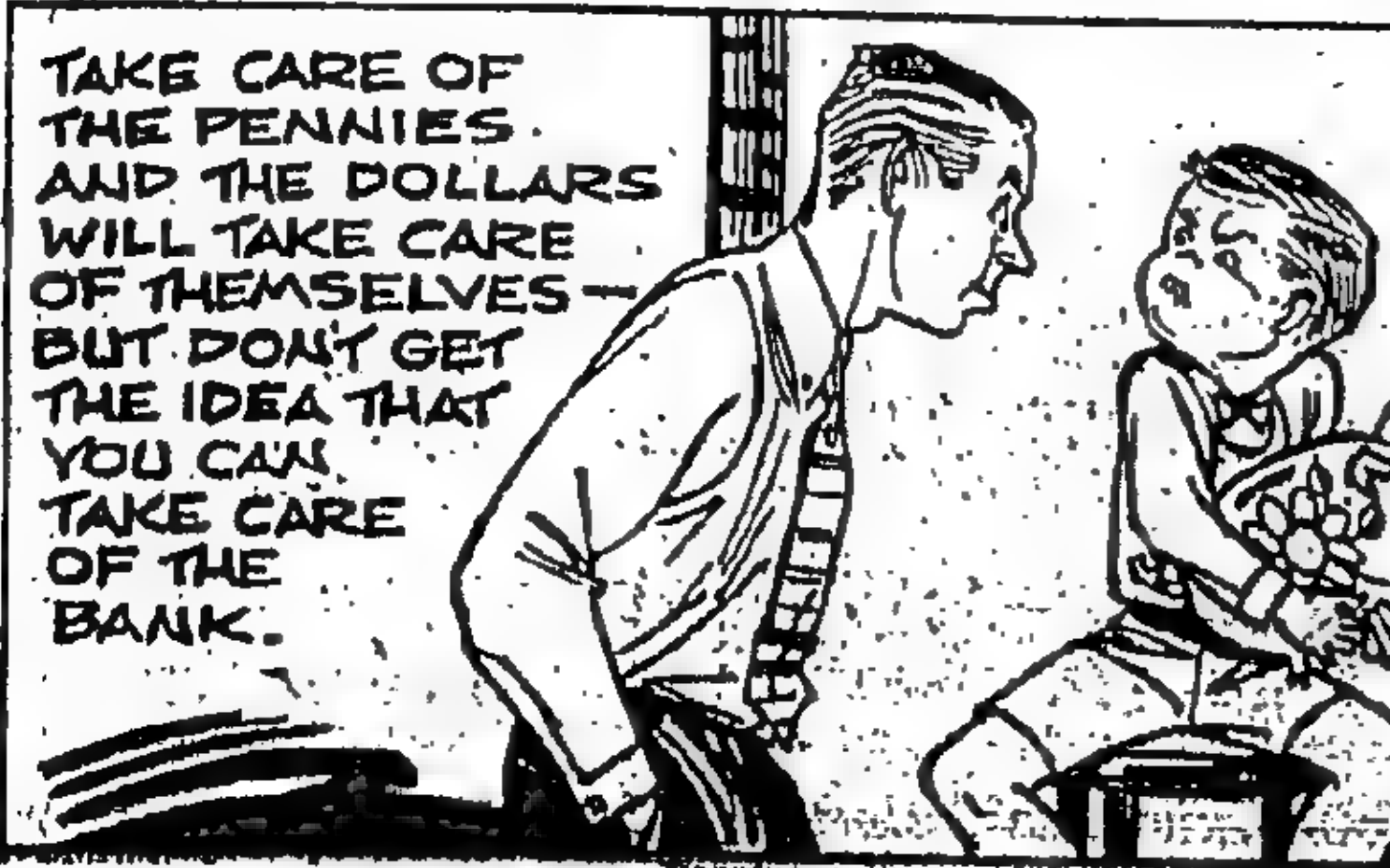
BEST of all, the little story about a fisherman, whose enchanted bride turns from a swan to a woman only once a month, by the light of a full moon.

THREE WINDOWS ON SUMMER. By Peter Scoullan. Macmillan. 15s. First novel by a 24-year-old writer about a long hot summer in which three people—a young cousin, and his friend—learn the bitter sweet facts of life. A most moving account of the end of innocence told in strong, conscious prose.

SUN IN THE HUNTER'S EYES. By Mark Derby. Collins. 12s. 6d. Tough and satisfying suspense novel with a young writer whose play flops, chasing off to Malaya in search of a missing heir. Attempted murder by drugging, drowning and burning. Well staged climax with jungle Communists joining in the chase.

(London Express Service).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



The Thrift Habit

By Harry Weinert



COMPOSERS

BALAKIREV
Symphony No. 1 in C Major
Sir Thomas Beecham conducting The Royal
Philharmonic Orchestra.

RLMSKY-KORSAKOV
The Tale of Tsar Saltan — May Night — Russian
Easter Festival. Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre
de la Suisse Romande.

RACHMANINOV
The Ballad: The Isle of Dead.
Frances Yeend (Soprano) — David Lloyd (Tenor) —
Mack Harrell (Baritone) — The Temple University
Choir. Elaine Brown, Director. The Philadelphia
Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy.

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I. M. MacTavish's Saturday Soccer Spot

A TEAM-BUILDING POLICY NEEDED

IT'S CASH ON THE NAIL FOR "KILLER" BRIAN

By ALAN HOBY

When Brian Sydney Harper was 11 they took him to London, dressed in his best suit, to see the big, bull-chested man he called "Dad" defend his title as the British Heavyweight Champion.

That was on the night of July 17, 1945, at the ground of Tottenham Hotspur Football Club.

But young Brian, a bewildered little figure in his ring-side seat, saw "Dad"—Jack London—knocked out in six rounds by Bruce Woodcock, who became the new champion. Since then more than 12 years have passed.

Today Brian Harper, better known as Brian London, has grown into an angry young heavyweight with cold eyes, a jutting jaw and a reputation as a fighter with a "killer" streak.

His Guide

Today, too, his father, the old heavyweight king, stands solidly behind him—for ever guiding Brian over every foot of the pain-paved path to fistie glory.

"It's extraordinary," rumbled Jack London senior, now a mellow 17 stone, when I called on the London family at their Blackpool home recently. "Here is Brian matched at Harringay next month in a world-class fight with Willie Pastano, the fourth-ranked heavyweight in America."

"Yet when he was a kid I had to bribe him with ten-bob notes before he would box at all. He was only seven, but he was quick even in those days. I'm not going to fight unless you pay me, he would say."

"That's right," Brian chirped in. "We lived in West Hartlepool then and my elder brother Jack, now a light-heavy, used to fight my battles for me. I didn't like boxing, didn't like trouble of any kind."

I said: "Do you like boxing now?" "No one, unless they're daft, likes boxing," Brian London replied bluntly. "I box for cash—on the nail."

The Realist

For Brian—the wildest 14st, 21lb. heavyweight with a punch in either fist (17 of his fights have been won inside the distance)—is as hard-headed as his native North.

At 23, and with only four defeats in 109 contests (87 amateur, 22 pro) he is a realist.

He remembers what his old man went through in the bleak days before the war—cheap meals, fighting for a few pounds, often after all-night train journeys, snatching sleep wherever he could.

In the hungry "thirties Jack London senior was once paid

£3 10s. for a top of the bill fight. His first three outings earned him 12s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and £1 5s. Another time he fought twice in 24 hours in towns 350 miles apart after travelling through the night in a friend's car. For these two bouts he pocketed—£50.

But, however bad the times, Jack London senior always saw that his growing boys ate well. Even, says Brian London, "if he had to eat out of tin himself."

Hard Days

Indeed, Jack London was so hard up in his early days he could only afford to pay £20 for a secondhand car.

"Nowadays, there's decent money around," says Jack London, "but I fought for now."

In the lush "fifties his son Brian—I owe everything to Dad"—has banked more money in three years of prize-fighting than his battle-scarred father did in nearly 18 years of maul and brawl.

It took Jack London 13 slogging years to win the heavyweight title. It has taken Brian just three years and 22 fights to earn £12,000 with his fists—culminating in his clash with the slippery Pastano on February 25.

This bout, I estimate, will bring Brian the fattest purse of his career, £23,500.

When I talked to him at his home, and later during an intensive course of "cruel" training at local RAF station at Weston—Brian used to be a PT instructor there—I found him likeable, calm, and completely honest.

New Home

"My mother and father have their own home. I have just built myself a £3,500 bungalow with central heating and every modern convenience. I also have a nice car with a new one on order."

"I think I'm reasonably intelligent," he says. "I shall probably get married this year and all I need now is a bit more cash to buy a business. Then they can have boxing."

Goal Scorer

And with those words Brian London, fighting son of a famous father, went off to play football. As a Mortensens-style inside left he has scored 20 goals this season for two Blackpool teams—Vauxhall in the Wednesday League and Metal Mechanics on Saturdays.

And the future? I predict that it will be some time yet before Brian London has enough in the bank to quit his punishing trade.

His father is starry-eyed about his son's prospects. "With luck," he declares, "Brian can earn £100,000."

"But my great ambition is to see him win back my old title. That's been my hope ever since Woodcock beat me all those years ago—that one of my two sons would win back the Heavyweight Championship for the family."

"And I don't think it will be long now..."

(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)



Brian London—"I owe everything to my Dad..."

HOME SOCCER FIXTURES

Following are the Home soccer fixtures for today:

First Division	
Arsenal v Manchester U	
Aston Villa v Blackpool	
Bolton v Leeds	
Burnley v Chelsea	
Everton v Liverpool	
Manchester C v West Brom	
Newcastle v Sunderland	
Nottingham v Portsmouth	
Preston v Birmingham	
Tottenham v Tottenham	
Wednesday v Leicester	
Wolves v Wolves	

Second Division	
Bristol R v Ipswich	
Charlton v Blackpool	
Derby v Bristol C	
Doncaster v Wrexham	
Fulham v Grimsby	
Huddersfield v Leyton	
Lincoln v Nott C	
Middlesbrough v Burnley	
Rotherham v Stoke C	
Swansea v Sheffield	

Third Division (South)	
Aldershot v Millwall	
Brentford v Watford	
Colchester v Bournemouth	
Crystal Palace v Bournemouth	
Newport v Queens P.F.	
Northampton v Brighton	
Norwich v Gillingham	
Plymouth v Exeter	
Portsmouth v Southampton	
Torquay v Weymouth	
Weymouth v Weymouth	

Third Division (North)	
Barrow v Rury	
Bradford v Tranmere	
Carlisle v Chesterfield	
Crewe v Hull	
Darlington v Mansfield	
Hartlepool v Grimsby	
Huddersfield v Halifax	
Rochdale v Stockport	
South Shields v Wrexham	
Wrexham v Wrexham	
York v Bradford C	
York v Accrington	

As Little Reason For Some Of Those Selected As For Those Dropped

Have the Colony soccer selectors gone completely off the rails? Or have they hit on some fantastic secret method of 'team-building' that is not understood by less fortunate mortals?

It is almost impossible not to ask such questions after reading the teams chosen to represent All-Hongkong and the Hongkong Selection against the visiting Korean National side.

If ever there was a perfect example of hotchpotch picking, then surely we have it this time... and I have to admit that even after I was given a chance to read a manuscript copy of the two selections I did not believe it.

It seemed so utterly inconsistent that I was suspicious that someone had made an error in copying the information or that I was on the receiving end of a playful hoax. Alas, neither was true. The information which had been shown to me was only too accurate even if it was almost beyond understanding.

A Mystery

If you want to measure the fantasy—or the lack of it—of the latest effort, look down the list of players nominated for the Hongkong Selection and you will find in the centre half position the name of Ko Po-keung. How this player cornered the confidence of the selectors is a mystery... and his further nomination to the captaincy of the side makes the whole affair something of a soccer mockery.

Here are the facts. Ko Po-keung was injured many weeks ago while playing in the League for Eastern against Kitchener at the Club Ground. His injury—and don't forget he has suffered from a troublesome leg condition for ages—took a long time to respond to treatment. Then a decision was taken. Eastern decided to risk him in their Senior Shield match with South China. No doubt his presence was intended as a boost to the team's morale... but Ko-keung appeared quite, undisturbed and certainly he was right out of touch.

Strange Token

His poor performance in that game was far short of First Division standard, let alone that of representative football, and one can only wonder by what strange token—and by what soccer yardstick, his worthiness for the present job has been assessed.

Selections such as these can do nothing but harm to the game—and the surest act as an effective damper to the enthusiasm and progressive development of the younger players like Lam Sheung-yeo for example. How can any players be convinced that individual merit is the sole qualification after this. They may well be pardoned wondering if past reputations, however remote, are more important than current form.

While the selection of Ko Po-keung is the most obvious example of inconsistency in the two line-ups, there are several others that take a bit of understanding if one is to believe that there is even a semblance of a team-building policy in the plans of the Inter-Port Committee.

When the Austrians came recently, Tang Sum... the best middleman in the Colony... was considered good enough to get a place in either of the Hongkong sides. This time he returned from the wilderness to captain the All-Hongkong eleven. That, of course, is his rightful place but what an admission it is by the selectors. Spare a thought now for the man he displaced. Mendum, who filled the right half position in the last Colony side, this time finds himself a reserve for the second team.

And that is a demotion he does not deserve, for his display against the Austrians was as good as that given by any other member of the half back line.

To lose his place to Tang Sum is no slight on his ability, but to find himself playing second fiddle to Luk Fak-nay in the Colony's second team takes a bit of understanding... in fact it will merely appear to most followers of the game as one more totally illogical bit of 'team-building'.

Back In Favour

Exactly the same sort of situation has arisen as far as the goalkeepers are concerned. This time Wai Fat-kim, completely ignored in the last series, finds himself eight back in favour defending the All-Hongkong goal.

Last time, not in the first three... this time top of the tree... what a wonderful soccer seesaw it all is. It might be easier to understand it if any of the goalkeepers nominated for the Wacker series had failed. They did not, and it was obvious to all that Lau Kin-chung who played for All-Hongkong was benefiting from the experience he was gaining, while MacNeil had an absolutely satisfying game in the Hongkong Selection goal.

When the teams were chosen to play the Austrians I said that Wai Fat-kim had been shabbily treated and I do not retract a single word of that now, but when selectors start flitting with the loyalty of players they simply ask for trouble... and, as the teams for the Australian series and the present ones were virtually selected by the same men, one can only assume they feel they made bad errors in their earlier efforts and are correcting them now... or maybe they are banking on a dangerous principle of variety being the spice of soccer life.

Team building, of method, and some sense of loyalty must be offered by the selectors to the players. How can any team

play well together when the players cannot be confident that they will keep their place over a fair period; that they will be given a chance to build themselves into a team in the best sense of the word; that they will not be cast aside at the whim of the men who sit around the Interport Committee table.

If Hongkong football is going to make any real headway, there must be a progressive team-building policy for the Colony's representative teams.

Changing and chopping of players from game to game will never get us anywhere.

The Two Teams

It is worthwhile examining the two teams that have now been selected and comparing them with the sides that represented us when the Austrians came here a few short weeks ago.

Several changes have been made in both teams. Players have been shuffled around like cards in a pack and the only thing that is important now is to ask: what has been done in connection with the team to meet the Koreans; is football progress achieved from lessons during the last series of Colony games?

If the changes are progressive then there is no complaint to be made... but in making that decision it is necessary to remember the points that have been raised in this article: to examine all the switching that has taken place; to look at the present form of players who have been brought in, and remember those who have been left out; and then to wonder...

Brighter Note

This week it is possible to finish on a brighter note by flashing our minds back to the excellent Charity game played at the Club Stadium on Wednesday evening.

It is a long time since the soccer masses have enjoyed a match quite as much as they so very obviously enjoyed this one.

The players excelled themselves with as wholesome a display as any twenty-two—my apologies to Kwok Yau... twenty-three soccerists could be expected to give.

The speed of the game was quite astonishing and there was some really delightful football played by both sides even although they each favoured a different style. I think it was this contrast that made the game the fine spectacle it was... and if this is Charity football, say let us have some more... lots more... of it.

NOW OPEN!

"C'est Si Bon"
Simply you'll enjoy our French cuisine as prepared by our experienced chefs that made our name famous in Shanghai years ago. Every sip is pure delight and every bit a pleasure, certainly you'll love the cosy atmosphere too.

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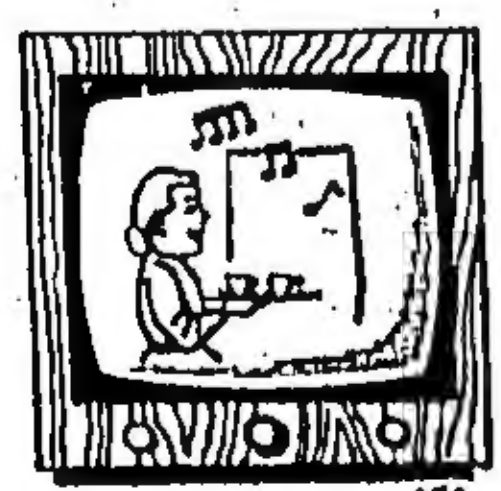
便安、中樓
利通、區東
取閣、前之
餘中、綠景

DINE
WINE
MUSIC
LILY'S
COCKTAIL
LOUNGE
FULL
WINE LIST

Answers To Sports Quiz

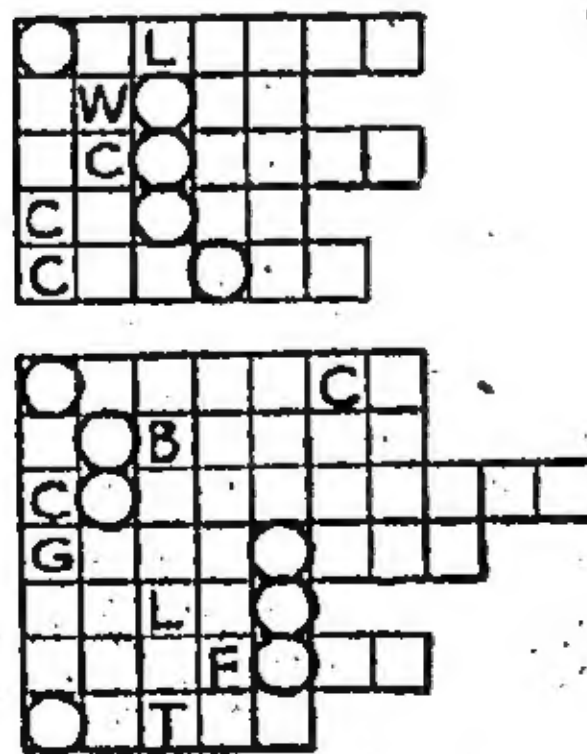
1. Jaroslav Drobný.
2. Paris. 1900.
3. Reynoldstown.
4. Jess Willard.
5. Captain Matthew Webb, the first man to swim the English Channel.
6. Australia.
7. Esther Williams.
8. Basketball.
9. Walter Hammond, India.
10. Jimmy Wilde

NAMESAKES



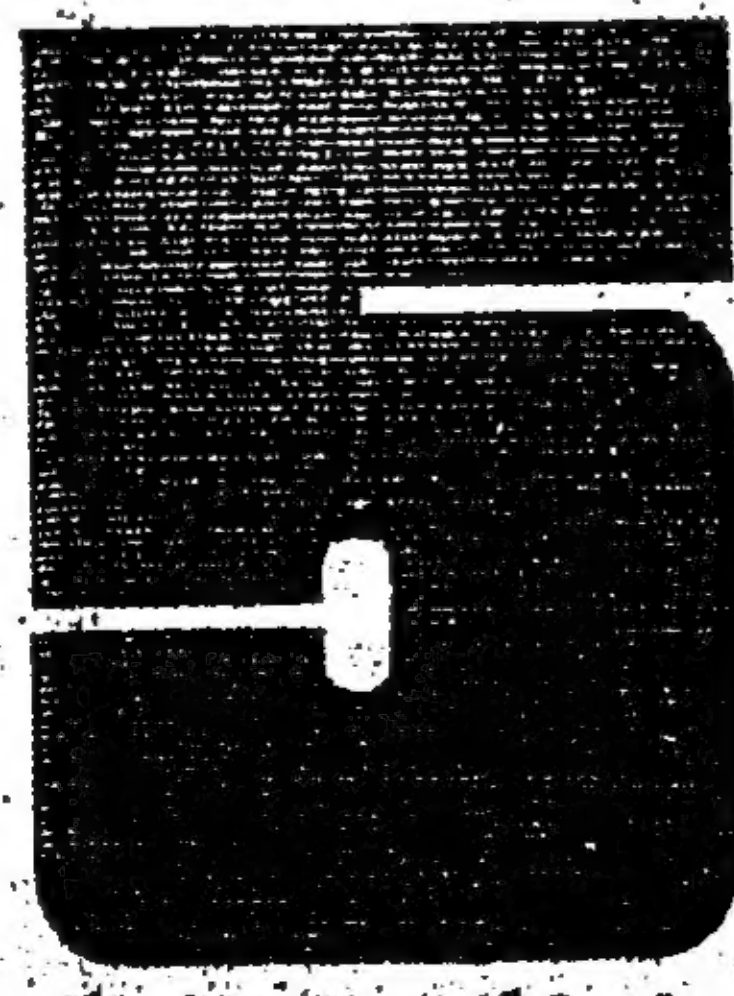
1. Murderers
2. Prize
3. Female star
4. And punishment?
5. Picture palace
6. Fairness
7. Theft
8. Dramatic personae
9. Kind of stout
10. Movies
11. Act
12. Short letters

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



Solution on back page.

Be Specific—fly CATHAY PACIFIC



flights weekly to SINGAPORE

THE GAMBOLS

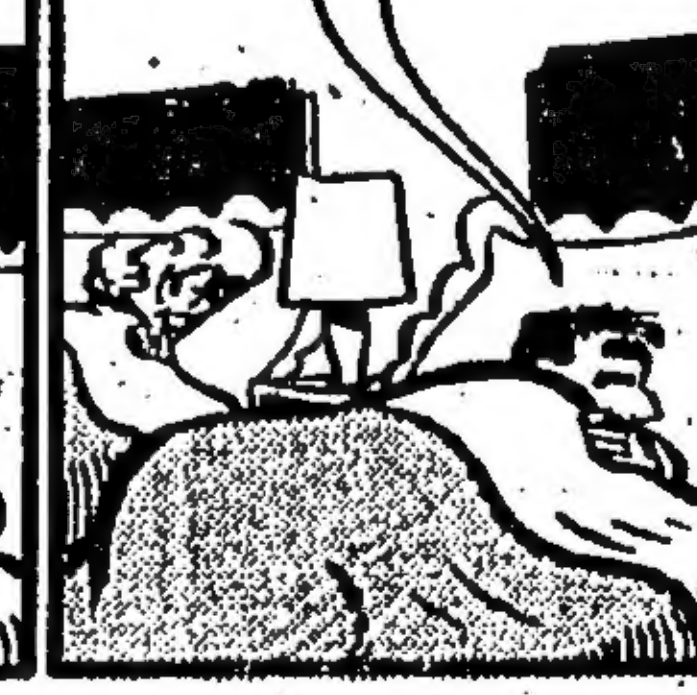
GEORGE WAKE UP, YOU'RE DREAMING



OH, I WAS DREAMING THAT I WAS TAKING A GLAMOROUS GIRL OUT TO THE THEATRE AND SUPPER



ASKED HER TO DANCE BUT SHE TURNED HER BEAUTIFUL HEAD AWAY



AND THEN I SAID WHY NOT GAYE DARLING?



YOU PEEL THE APPLES BUT DON'T EAT THEM ALL



MOVE OVER, DEAR



GEORGE! YOU'RE IN MY WAY



I WON'T HELP AT ALL IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE A GROUND



RADO
SWISS MADE

put
Gas
in your
house

says
Mr. Therm

Quality watch
for everyone

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

LEARN CHINESE FOLK LORE

IT WAS ON A FINE DAY. In the Imperial Gardens of China nearly five thousand years ago. The Empress Si-li-shi walked among the flowers with her ladies.

There were not many days when the imperial court could go comfortably abroad, for in those days even emperors and empresses had only leaves and grasses and the skins of birds to wear as clothing. So the Empress Si-li-shi walked slowly in the warm sun, enjoying the morning and the flowers and birds and insects that made it beautiful.

Her ladies happened to fall upon a mulberry tree near the path. "How beautiful!" exclaimed the Empress. "See, the tree is filled with silvery fruits that sway in the breeze."

She paused, her slanting oriental eyes growing round with astonishment. From one of the silvery fruits that she had thought were fruits

a shining butterfly had emerged. As she watched, another and another butterfly popped out, dried their gleaming wings in the sunshine and then flew away.

"I must see this curious thing," said the Empress to her ladies. "Bring me some of the small shining ovals."

The ovals were sleek and cool to the touch. Soon the Empress' fingers found a tiny projecting thread. Carefully she began to unwind the shining fibres and found them surprisingly strong. The web became a heap of shining filaments. The Empress wound the threads on the outstretched hands of her ladies until the 4,000 yards of silk that could be secured from the cocoon of a single silk worm filled those hands with beautiful fibres.

The Empress stared from the fibres to the leaves and bird skins that were her clothing. "If these 'fruits' of the mulberry



The Empress thought, "These fruits of the mulberry could be woven into a magnificent coat for the emperor."

could be woven into cloth," she said thoughtfully. She and her ladies experimented. When they were through the threads from the

mulberry "fruit" had become a tiny bit of cloth.

Other ladies were set to work unwinding more of the "fruits." All the servants were set to work at weaving. Soon there was a length of a beautiful strong cloth that was worthy of clothing the Emperor himself. The first silk had been woven.

★ ★ ★

The Emperor Hwang-ti was impressed by the gift of cloth. It was made into a magnificent coat. Then he issued an imperial edict ordering the people to learn the art of silk spinning and weaving.

"Let enough be woven," he ordered, "so that the people shall have such clothing." Grateful to the Empress Si-li-shi who had first noticed the "fruits" of the mulberry, the Chinese named her "the Ancestress of the Thread" and gave her name to one of the stars in the sky.

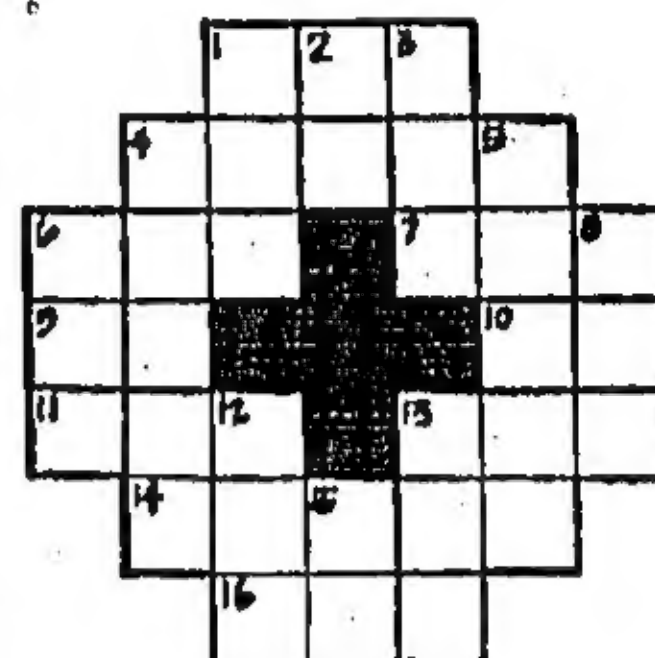
ZOO'S WHO



THE PERUVIAN BOOBY, A MEMBER OF THE GANNET FAMILY, IS A CLASSIC HIGH DIVER...FROM A HEIGHT OF FORTY OR FIFTY FEET THEY PLUNGE INTO THE WATER, DIVING TO GREAT DEPTHS TO GORGE ON FISH...

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Low fellow
- 4 Native of Rome
- 6 Feline animal
- 7 Encountered
- 9 Boy's nickname
- 10 Us
- 11 Writing tool
- 13 Body of water
- 14 Flower part
- 15 Baseball stick

DOWN

- 1 Folding bed
- 2 Morning (ab.)
- 3 River barrier
- 4 Chest rattles
- 5 Slak post
- 6 Hand covering
- 8 Beverages
- 12 Pen point
- 13 Perched
- 15 Father

ADD AND SCRAMBLE

To "a high card" add a letter and have "a step." Add another letter and scramble for "an article," and once again for "a floor covering."

(Solutions on Page 19)

MORALE provides a base for the word triangle this time. The second word is an abbreviation for "company"; third is "nettle"; fourth "a girl's name"; and fifth "a sea skeleton." Can you finish the triangle?

M O R A L E
M O R A L E

"H" WORDS

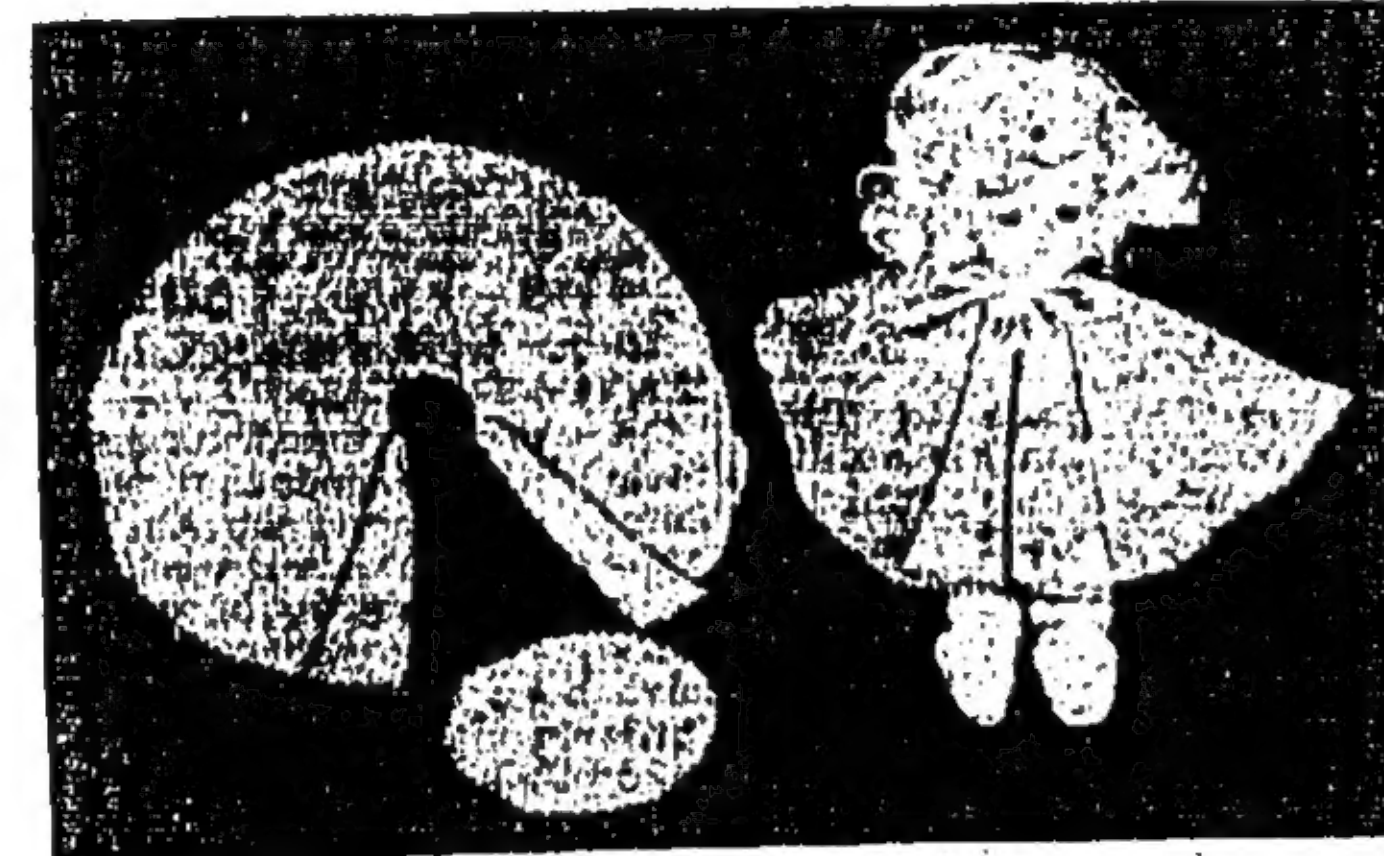
Cartoonist Cal has hidden some things whose names begin with "H" in his drawing. How many can you find? Puzzle Pete says he can find 12.



Doll's Clothes Easily Made



Measure from dolly's neck to knee, then use this length in "sizing compass" and draw a circle on a piece of paper. Using this as a pattern, with pinkish shears cut dolly's dress out of any cloth. Cut a small neck out of waist center, make two short slits for over shoulders, then punch (with card punch) four holes. Slip it over dolly's head and slip one-quarter-inch ribbon through holes and make a tie on each shoulder. Then arrange the gathers and tie another satin ribbon around for a belt, making a bow at the back.



Make the coat like the dress, except an inch or so longer, and press back two front lapels after stitching it up the front. Put it on dolly with three little gold safety pins. Measure over dolly's hair for the hat size, cut a circle as large as is wanted and punch two holes at edge of hat crown. Run the wider ribbon through the holes from underneath and over the top of the hat, leaving a brim from the holes to the edge. Tie under the chin.

GENERAL TIN'S BIRTHDAY

—He Thought The Lady He Loved Had Forgotten—

By MAX TRELL

GENERAL Tin, the Tin Soldier, was standing guard over the Playroom with his musket over his shoulder when Knarf, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Name, burst into the room.

"General Tin!" cried Knarf. "Do you know what day it is today?"

"It's Thursday," said General Tin.

"Not it's your birthday!" said Knarf.

"Sh-s-s-s!" said General Tin. "Not so loud, please."

General Tin had hardly finished saying this when Knarf's sister, Hanid, dashed into the room through another door. She threw her arms around General Tin.

"Happy Birthday to you!" said General Tin.

"Sh-s-s!" said General Tin.

Then Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Hiawatha, the Small-Sized Indian, and Baron Munch who lived behind the bookcase, all came into the room.

They ran right up to General Tin, shouting "Congratulations, old boy! Happy birthday, General! Congratulations, Sir!"

"Sh-s-s-s!" said General Tin to all of them.

By this time, everybody in the room was asking General Tin in a puzzled voice why he was sh-sh-shushing them.

General Tin lowered his voice as he pointed toward the doll house on the other side of the room under the sunny window.

"I don't want her to know," he said.

Everyone understood that by "her" General Tin meant Miss Gloria Doll.

General Tin was very much in love with Gloria. One day he was going to marry her.

She Has Forgotten

"She's forgotten all about my birthday," General Tin went on in his low voice, "and I don't want to remind her. If she finds out today, she'll want to prepare a birthday party for me. It's much too late for her to go through all that trouble."

"But General Tin, dear," said Hanid. "I'm sure Gloria would like to be reminded that today is your birthday. She'll be very disappointed when she finds out tomorrow."

"All right," said General Tin at length, "you can hint to her."

"Hint? What's that?" Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, asked General Tin.

"To hint," said General Tin, "is to tell somebody something without telling him anything. I mean it's like making them guess."

So while General Tin went back to guarding the playroom door with his musket over his shoulder, the rest of his friends went around to the other side of the doll house to see what they could do about hinting to Gloria Doll that today was General Tin's birthday.

They found Gloria standing in the doorway of her kitchen. She was wearing an apron and her arms were covered with flowers.

They Looked Excited

"Good morning," she greeted them. "You all look excited. Have you some news for me?"

"Oh it's nothing," Knarf began. "We were just thinking about General Tin. We thought we'd buy him a present."

"Not for his birthday or anything," Teddy put in hastily.

"Just a little present," said Hanid, "because . . . because . . ."

"Because we love him so much," said Baron Munch.

"Oh, of course, not for his birthday," Gloria said. "It isn't General Tin's birthday today, is it?"



Gloria put candles on the General's birthday cake.

Gloria suddenly burst out laughing. She invited everyone inside her kitchen. There on the table, fresh from the oven, was a big creamy birthday cake.

"Forget it was General Tin's birthday! I should say not!" she exclaimed. "We're going to give him a surprise party. Everyone is invited. Forget General Tin's birthday!" Gloria went on.

"Dear, dear! I'd forgot my own birthday! I'd forgot his! And how you did hint to me. Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!"

It was a wonderful surprise birthday party and it really was a surprise for General Tin.

It really would have hurt his feelings if Gloria had forgotten that it was his birthday. He loved her very much and one day, as I mentioned before, he meant to marry her.

Her Slippers Weren't Glass

DID YOU KNOW that Cinderella's slippers were really made of velvet or soft fur? They weren't glass at all! You see, the story of Cinderella is very, very old. In the days when it was written, ladies wore slippers of soft fabric, so naturally the author had his heroine, Cinderella, wear slippers of the same sort as other ladies and princesses were wearing.

When the story was translated from the French into English, the person who translated

it made a little mistake that gave us Cinderella's lovely glass slipper.

He mistook the French word "verre," meaning fine, soft fur, for the French word "verre," meaning glass.

That's how the famous glass slipper came into our lives. I'm rather glad the mistake was made, aren't you? Surely anyone might wear a fur or velvet slipper, but only a princess could wear a glass slipper. Cinderella without her tiny glass slipper wouldn't be Cinderella!

Once when Abraham Lincoln was president, a delegation called upon him and asked him to appoint a certain man as commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. They stated his merits and also added that he was in poor health and needed the job in that climate. To this, Lincoln replied: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that job and they are all sicker than your man."

Rupert and the Thinking Cap-40



In spite of his pride in his little cap, Rupert is still rather slow, so he often has to think hard. One day he was sitting on the grass and was thinking about a problem. He was so busy thinking that he didn't notice that a small stream was flowing over his head. He was so busy thinking that he didn't notice that a small stream was flowing over his head.

A GIRL'S DREAM COMES TRUE



A DREAM CAME TRUE for Anna Lane, a 16-year-old farm girl. From the jeans which she ordinarily wears on her farm home near Delta, Ohio, she was transported, as it by magic, into the midst of a complete new wardrobe of feminine necessities and fancies. It was part of her prize for being picked 1957 Queen of the Furrows for the annual ploughing contest, this year held in Frobles, Ohio. Anna won over 1,100 contestants. She flew to New York to appear on TV and presided over the week's festivities at the contest. But her

chief thrill was the armful of clothes. For some that she picked were the clothes above. At the top left is a dressy outfit with the new "French look." The box jacket has a knitted shawl collar and cuffs. The pencil-slim shirt is faced at the bottom with pink pleats. In the center picture she wears a plaid outfit; and holds a coat, dress and handbag. At right, she has a dress, a coat, a dress and a handbag. A striped pullover jersey. A colorful-style blouse. A colorful-style blouse.

